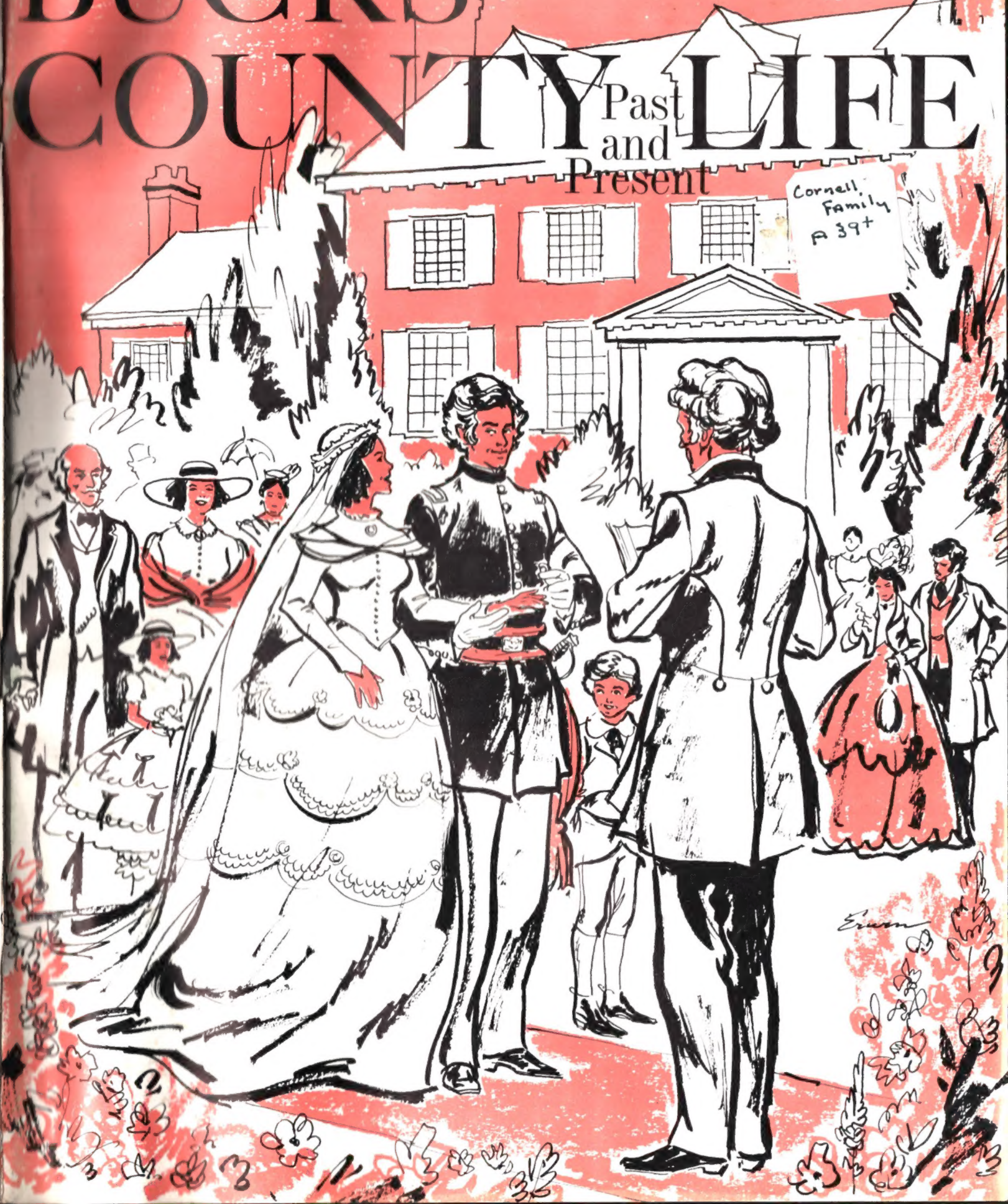


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Past and Present

June 1962/35c

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The Old Traveler —



A pleasant surprise came the Old Traveler's way the other day when Hal Clark, president of the Delaware Valley Protective Association gave me a delightful letter from Mrs. E. Florenz Rivinus of Lumberville and Chestnut Hill, one of the directors of the Association.

It could almost be called "Reminiscences of the River Road" and is in the same nostalgic vein as her charming collection of essays, "Roll Out The Rocker" which has won a special place in the affections of many book lovers. Proceeds from this book go in a fund for the restoration of "Grumblethorpe", an historic house in Germantown. You may now enjoy the following vivid recall of Mrs. Rivinus' journeys with her uncle by coach and four, complete with coach horn, to New Hope from Chestnut Hill and along her beloved Delaware Canal and scenic River Road.

"Just now the River Road is much in the public eye owing to its dangerous condition. The trucks which thunder over this scenic drive are blamed for the serious danger to the canal banks, but it might intrigue you to know that many moons ago heavy wagons were equally censured.

When the shad were running, my Uncle and I used to drive a coach and four horses from Chestnut Hill to New Hope, watch the shad haul and after making our purchases, continue up the River Road to Easton for the night. On each trip we would be seriously cautioned to go slowly as the pounding of the horses and weighty vibration of our coach would have deleterious effects on the canal banks. Today one blithely gets in a motor and makes the same trip in a matter of hours, returning the same day, but in the horse and buggy days the tour called for considerable planning.

First we had to contact the livery stables along the route, for we changed horses at a place called Three Tuns and again in Doylestown. As none of the livery stables had suitable harness, we shipped large boxes containing the correct equipment to them. All these arrangements were made by mail. There were no telephones and a telegram would have probably given a

livery stable keeper a stroke. When all was in order and the appointed day arrived we started forth at an early hour. Some distance from our rendezvous the coachman would play a merry tune on the long coach horn to warn of our approach. During the change of horses a crowd would gather. All in readiness, off we went, cheered on our way by shouts and barking dogs which we acknowledged by another parting tune on the horn. I think we gave as much pleasure at these stops as we derived from our trip ourselves.

On the way back the next day we returned the horses we had rented to their respective stables and ended at home with our own team. Sometimes the livery horses had never been driven in a four in hand before and the leaders would be frightened and confused by the noise of the wheelers directly behind them. To get them going, we would have to start at a gallop. This always delighted the spectators and the cracking of whips added to the general racket.

Some Sunday moonlight nights, when the shad haul began promptly at one minute past midnight, we only went as far as New Hope. The beauty of those scenes with the moonlight reflected in the river and the sparkling diamonds hurled into the air by the jumping shad as the net was drawn towards the shore, will never be forgotten.

I was only a little girl at the time and not strong enough to hold those horses alone so a leather belt similar to the ones the drivers of the fire engines used to wear, was fastened to the coach and strapped around my waist. That belt, my long four-in-hand whip and the ancient coach horn now appropriately reside in my house on the River Road and fill me with happy memories whenever I glance at them."

OUR COVER

Our cover this month is by William Erwin, well-known Bucks County artist and is his portrayal of an outdoor wedding of about a hundred years ago in a typically Bucks County setting. Bill claims he is one of a vanishing breed . . . "a native Bucks Countian." A resident of Doylestown, he studied at Philadelphia School of Industrial Arts (Now known as the Philadelphia Museum College of Art), graduated from there and has been a member of the faculty there for the past three years. Before that, he was on the teaching staff at Moore Institute of Art in Philadelphia.

The Marry Month of June

By Grace Chandler

A long time ago it was the custom to pour flour and confections over the bride and groom to wish them an abundance of all that is sweet and desirable.

The belief — or at least the hope — that this works has persisted to this day, although it is carried out in a less messy manner by the throwing of rice and old shoes as symbols of fruitfulness and good luck.

The sad fact is that there has never been a guarantee of happiness clause in the marriage contract, and so for centuries people have tried to overcome the lack of one by surrounding the ceremony with superstitions.

Modern couples about to make the trip to the altar laugh at the idea of taking these superstitions seriously, but they are careful to cross their fingers while doing so. They skip very few of them — just in case.

June weddings predominate because of an ancient belief that the month was "good to the man and happy to the maid." Provided, of course, that the marriage took place on the right day of the week, for another superstition states flatly that Wednesday is the best day of all, others promising wealth (Monday), health (Tuesday), misfortune (Thursday), poverty (Friday) and bad luck (Saturday). Sunday isn't mentioned.

June is also the month of the rose, which the ancient Greeks regarded as the queen of flowers and the emblem of beauty and happiness. Orange blossoms, another portent of good luck and happiness, have been worn or carried by brides since earliest times. Doing so in June, therefore, doubles the chances for everlasting bliss.

When dressing for their "greatest day," brides follow to the letter the bit of doggerel advising them to wear "something old" (for the past), "something new" (for the future), "something borrowed" (for luck), and "something blue" (for purity).

The bridal veil has come down to us from a period in history when marriages were arranged by the elders, and the bridegroom was not permitted to see the face of his bride until the wedding day. Whether or not he liked what he saw then, did not matter in the least. The element of surprise has long since been discarded, but the veil is worn to symbolize the bride's mod-

esty and submission. This meaning might come as a bit of a shock to the modern couple. Today's bridegroom is likely to feel that he is the captured one.

Marriage by capture is romantic only in tales and poems about a time safely embalmed in the distant past. To be snatched away from her home by an enemy warrior, after being stunned by a far from gentle rap on the head with a club to prevent outcry, was hardly a maiden's dream even then. Yet a number of present day wedding customs stem from that practice. The kinsmen of an abducted bride sought to avenge the honor of the tribe by killing her captor and taking her back. Thus it was necessary for the couple to remain in hiding until her relatives gave up the search. According to some authorities, this need to lie low for a time points to the origin of the honeymoon.

The captor was assisted in his adventure by a strong-armed friend to help spirit away the bride. Today, he is known as the groom's "best man." Other friends were needed to fight off the girl's pursuers, and these have become the "groomsmen."

Bridesmaids are a later addition to the wedding procession. It became the fashion for a bride to pretend that she was captured and was unwilling to go with the groom. The role of the bridesmaids was to "protect her from her fate."

Long after it ceased to be necessary to obtain a wife by force, the symbol of capture was playfully enacted by the bride's relatives who seized her after the ceremony and carried her off with the groom and his friends in hot pursuit. When the fleeing group was overtaken (they didn't run very hard), the bride was tossed to the pursuers. The man who caught her was certain to be married within the year. To someone else, of course.

The modern bride is not the tossed but the tosser, and all she tosses is her bouquet. In the 14th century it was considered lucky to obtain the bride's garter. If she was smart, she left one garter dangling where it could easily be reached, but even then she seldom escaped being bruised in the scuffle. The luck was hers if she did not suffer a broken leg.

A later custom was for the bride to

toss one of her stockings as the lucky token. This was fun only for the male guests, who fought for the honor of helping her remove it — and the certainty of being the next one to marry. A still later version called for the bride to toss one of her shoes to the wedding guests. He or she who caught it would not only be the next to wed but would have good fortune throughout life. At least, the ladies had a chance to grab the luck.

The wedding ring, its origin lost in the mists of time, is symbolic of what was once the yoke of man's absolute authority over the bride. It is worn on the left hand as a sign of submission, and on the fourth finger because of a superstition that that one has the most direct connection with the heart, although every finger has had its moment of being in high fashion — including the thumb. Over the centuries the ring has been made of bone, wood, leather and various metals, and parsons once carried a supply of brass curtain rings with them in case the best man had forgotten his chief duty.

A wedding without kisses and tears would not seem complete to the sentimental. The tenderest moment of the ceremony is when the newly-married couple seal their promises with this symbol. Time was when the priest kissed the bridegroom, the groom kissed the bride, the priest kissed his assistants and they kissed the guests.

The captured bride wept in bitterness, the modern bride weeps in happiness. Her mother is moved to tears of joy or sadness or, perhaps, relief, and the women guests weep in hope or sympathy, depending upon their age.

The happy couple toast each other from the same wine glass because of the superstition that when two people drink together, they are forever united.

It is the traditional right of the bride to cut the first slice of the wedding cake to insure her happiness and prosperity. In Roman times the cake was broken over the bride's head as a symbol of plentifulness.

The wear and tear on brides has lessened considerably over the years, and today's bride is in a position to get the giggles if reminded that the thrown shoes signify that she has exchanged the authority of her father for that of her husband.

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on" is a saying based on an ancient belief that the gods approved of the marriage. The Pennsylvania Dutch, ever more practical, hope for a sunny day because of their superstition that if it rains, all the children will be born with the sniffles. Δ

MARY WALTON WHITE

By Betty Floyd



Farm house owned by the Walton family since 1848 was first a Twining home. The section at the left dates back to 1730, and the remainder is nearly as old.

MARY Walton White lives in a charming 18th Century stone farm house in Grenoble, Warwick Township, Bucks County, surrounded by the beautiful old furniture, china and silver which her great grandmother, Mary Saurman Walton, cherished in that same house more than 100 years ago.

Mary White has the dignity and resourcefulness handed down for generations from that 17th Century Quaker family and the modesty, too. It was her husband, Dexter G. White, who proudly showed us the rugs with their original designs of birds and flowers which she hooks; her landscapes and painted trays with gold leafing; and the pottery which she makes in her own kiln from the red clay found along the Little Neshaminy which runs behind the house. Incidentally, Mr. White is an amateur painter himself, and an expert at refinishing the rare antique furniture in the house.

Four Walton brothers landed in Newcastle, Delaware from England, in 1675, settling in Byberry the next Spring. William, Mrs. White's ancestor, was the first preacher of Byberry Meeting and held that honor for 40 years. His grandchildren acquired farms around Abington and his grandson William married Sarah Livezey at Abington Quaker Meeting the 5th day

of the 12th month, 1822. Mrs. White has the sheepskin marriage certificate.

William's son, Smith B. Walton, married Mary Saurman in 1848 and took his bride to the Grenoble 80-acre farm which he had purchased from William B. Warner. Warner had acquired it in 1840 from Samuel Twining and it was part of the original Twining plantation. The road, called Walton Rd., was put through later.

Smith B. Walton ran a fulling mill beside the Little Neshaminy back of his house. The house itself dates back to 1730 and the mill was probably almost that old. Mr. Walton took the sheep's wool, had it spun at the mill, and then woven on three foot-wide looms. The material was then fullled (dampened and pressed) on a granite ironing block, using the water power from the creek. He made blankets from some of the wool, sewing two lengths together. Mrs. White has one of them. A granite ironing block from the mill is now part of the floor of the fireplace in the 1730 room of the house.

Some 20 girls from neighboring farms lived at the Walton place and worked at the mill, living on the second floor above the mill, and above the carriage house which now edges Walton Rd. and which pre-dates even the house. Mr. White has remodeled

it into a charming three-room apartment upstairs with a heated garage below. Smith B. Walton also grew acres of apple trees and sold the apples and cider in Philadelphia. He made hickory flour barrels at the mill in the winter.

The original Twining house, built in 1730, consisted of one room with a walk-in fireplace downstairs and a sleeping loft, entered by a trap door, above it. All the other rooms were probably added before 1800, each addition marked by the variety of wood in the random floors and the beams.

Mary Saurman Walton, wife of Smith B., must have been a delightful person. Mary White remembers her very well. She loved pretty things and she wanted a silver tea service. So she would make shirts and sell them, and when she had saved enough coins, she would add a piece to her set. The lovely seven-piece set sits on a table in the breakfast room now, mute evidence of her determination.

She also cherished her Chelsea china, brought from England. When she gave a party, neighbors would add their Chelsea to hers to make a pretty table. One cream pitcher has a shiny spot in the lavender-blue decoration and that always worried her—she was sure that someone had traded their pitcher for hers. In the fine old Queen Anne corner cabinet in the dining room with the Chelsea is also a set of blue Indian stoneware which Mary used for every day. Mr. White said that it came to England from India and that the English copied it for their blue willow ware. A very early American walnut desk with brass handles is another treasure of the house.

(Continued on Page 6)



Mary Walton White hooks an original flower design in a rug as she sits in the 1730 room of her ancestral home

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MARY WALTON WHITE (Continued from Page 5)

Great Grandmother Mary Walton was an intrepid soul. She would hitch up her wagon, ford Neshaminy Creek and drive all the way to the market at Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia. She insisted that the well water under the house was too hard for washing, so on wash day, her husband would have to carry up enough water from the creek, a considerable distance, and help her to get the wash started.

Mary White also inherited her great grandmother's love of an old fashioned garden. Hers includes a wild flower garden surrounding a bird bath, in front of the house to the right, an herb garden in back, a rose patch and a hillside of iris.

Mary White is the fourth generation of Waltons to live in the house. Her father Harry lived there, then Smith B.'s grandson, Frank, bought it from his grandfather's estate in 1919, and carried on general farming until his death. In 1948, the Dexter Whites returned to the old homestead, remodelling the house and installing electricity. They needed a matching door and got it from the old Warminster Hotel when it was being remodelled into a bar. A shed behind the original room (which is now the breakfast room) was extended into a modern pine-panelled kitchen, Mr. White doing the work himself.

Only the walls stand now in the old mill and the stone barn is gone. Elmer Kaucher, a builder and husband of the White's daughter, Jean, used the stones from the barn to build his ranch-type house in Rushland. Incidentally, Jean furnished the house with furniture she won three years ago on the TV program, "The Price Is Right". The Kauchers have three sons.

The Whites also have another son, Dexter Jr., who lives in Levittown with his wife and daughter, and another daughter, Phyllis, who is Mrs. McKinley M. Lockey Jr. of Coventry, R. I.

Walton Rd. is still a dirt road and the Whites are sometimes snowed in for days at a time. But when the electricity goes off, they are better off than their neighbors. They have huge fireplaces in every room for heat; gas tanks to burn for cooking; and when the electric pump is off, all they have to do is open a trap door and pull up a pail of water from the well.

Besides, anyone would deem it a privilege to be snowed in in such a fascinating home with such interesting people as the Dexter Whites. And to be there in the summer with the old fashioned garden a riot of color—that would be perfect. Δ



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Huntingdon Valley Hunt Pony Club

By Hazel M. Gover

AFTER the sports cars won the hearts of our teenagers, it was thought that dear old Dobbin had retired forever as a playmate. It isn't true - a whole new crop of youngsters have revived horsemanship all over the free world.

In 1929, the British Horse Society inaugurated a Junior Branch known as "The Pony Club." This was not exactly an earth-shaking event at that time and it took until after the World War II for the young people to show that horsemanship was not a dead issue. By 1947, there were 167 Branches, a membership of 17,082 in Great Britain with 13 branches overseas.

The United States Pony Clubs were organized in 1953 and the Huntingdon Valley Hunt Pony Club came to Bucks County in 1955. Charles Gardner, Hartsville, gave the big push to put the club over. There are now forty-two children and thirty-five participating families, most living within a fifteen mile radius of Hartsville.

Three big days this year will be the Rally, June 22, 23, and 24 at Elm Grove Farms, owned by H. Douglas Paxson, Holicong. This is the Eastern Pennsylvania Regional Rally with ten clubs represented and a total of 145 young riders in four ratings participating, with a few over age 17 in individual competition.

The object of the Pony Clubs is "To encourage young people to ride and learn to enjoy all kinds of sport connected with horses and riding, to provide instruction in riding and horsemanship, to instill in members the proper care of their animals, and to promote the highest ideals of sportsmanship, citizenship and loyalty, thereby cultivating strength of character and self-discipline." Pony Club is rather a misnomer as by no means do all these youngsters ride the fat little Shetlands long associated with the word "pony" - the "ponies" are real honest-to-God horses mostly "hunters").

The teams, consisting of four riders and a stable manager (actually a team member and a very important person), will arrive with their chaperons on Friday morning and stable their mounts in tents provided for them. The tents will be decorated with team colors. Our team uses red, white and black. It is up to the stable manager to see that horses and riders are in the "pink of condition" and he must be prepared to ride should a team member come down with the measles or something equally unpleasant. All adults are excluded from the stabling, area except during visiting hours. The conduct rules are strict. The honor of the team is at stake and no individual member is going to run the risk of having his team disqualified.

During the Rally, the teams are responsible for the care and condition of horses, their tack and essential supplies. Members cannot smoke or drive a car. Sportsmanship must be displayed at all times. Actually there have never been any behavior problems. To win and keep the respect of their horses and their companions, these young riders must be "with it" constantly.

Members of the teams and their chaperons will be "stabled" in the dormitories at the Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture, eating their meals in the dining hall except for luncheon which is being provided at Elm Grove Farms.

Friday evening there will be written examinations at the college where the teams will put down on paper what they know about horsemanship, care of horses, including some knowledge of veterinary work, and fox hunting.

Saturday morning the teams will be graded on their basic dressage to establish that the individual rider understands the fundamental principles of rational riding, has acquired a good seat and has mastery over his horse. In the afternoon, the cross-country phase will take place with judges at all the fences. No youngster can race around the 2½-mile course, bring his horse in foaming at the mouth and dripping sweat, and expect to win credits for his team.

Sunday morning there will be stadium course jumping, individual riding, with awards in the afternoon. While there are individual awards and team awards, it is not purely competitive riding. These are youngsters and they come to the Rally hoping to learn more about riding and to gain experience. Captain John Fritz, New Jersey, and Miss Susan Powers, Maryland will be judges, both well-known in the horsey set.

The winning teams will go to the National Rally in Maryland sometime in July.

The Rally is open to the public, the only charge a small parking fee. There will be food stands for those who get hungry.

Getting ready for a Rally takes at least a year of hard work for parents

(Continued on Page 10)



A Typical Pony Club Rider — Wendy Harris of Hartsville

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Colonial Country House Restaurant—At edge of Washington Crossing Park, over the Canal Bridge. A place to bring the children and enjoy a delicious full course dinner, or an in between snack.

Washington Crossing Inn—Washington Crossing. Dine in formal dining rooms or in original kitchen of this historic inn. Facilities for bridge parties in small private rooms. Recommended food and bar.

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River's Edge — Lambertville, N. J. perched on the banks of the Delaware, this stone mill built in 1835 is a delightful place to dine. Indoors and outdoors with candlelight twinkling from dining areas around an open garden, old brasses and stoneware filled with flowers. Radios "Stella Dallas" on hand to greet you. Here you enjoy fine continental food and American favorites.

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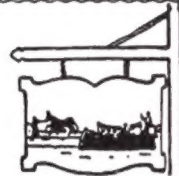
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Pony Club

(Continued from Page 7)

and youngsters. The different clubs must select a team which can qualify and the individual riders, up to age 17, must practice as much as they can. One point which parents appreciate is that each member of a club must take care of his horse and stable, even if it means getting up an hour earlier on school mornings. There can be no kidding Mother or Dad, or bribing brother into doing the dirty work.

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Edw. L. Johnstone and a member of his staff looking to the future thru the development program.

An Exceptional School For Exceptional Children

By Marylou Sweeney

DOCTOR of Litteris Humanioribus, the honorary degree conferred on Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare in 1939 by Temple University, could hardly be more appropriate. The Woods Schools for Exceptional Children in Langhorne, Pa. stands as a telling memorial to the very 'human' and far-sighted lady who founded the school in 1913 with \$175 and abundant and abiding faith.

A graduate of Philadelphia Normal School at twenty, Mollie Woods began her teaching career at Philadelphia's Camac School in 1901. Here she soon discovered that for her the challenge did not lie in working with the smartest students but in helping the backward ones. At 25 she was made principal of Special School No. 6, a grammar school for retarded, delinquent and truant boys. After 13 years teaching in the public schools she was ready to begin the life-long work of laying forever the ghost of superstition, guilt and misunderstanding that surrounded the exceptional, the variant, the handicapped. Six years after the founding of her school, in 1919, Mollie Woods was married. It is said that when John Ridgeway Hare married Mollie Woods, he also married her school. If the school was Mollie's

life, it was also his and to him must go much credit for the school's continued existence.

Even a Mollie Woods could not have foretold, in those early days, that her school with its initial small enrollment (five retarded children from Philadelphia General Hospital for whom that institution paid \$4.50 a week board) would become the leader in its field, and that her name would become synonymous with the education of children with problems, emotional or mental. Today's enrollment of four hundred students represents thirty-four states and nine foreign countries. Large enough to include a broad range of research possibilities, it is small enough to allow for careful and detailed observation.

A pioneer in the field, Mrs. Hare as early as 1923 engaged a full time resident psychologist. In 1934 the services of a psychiatrist became part of the school program. In the same year she established the Child Research Clinic with its semiannual conferences which continue until today. Interest in these conferences is so great that today the distribution of the proceedings - in book form - has risen to 20,000 copies annually.

Almost immediately a visitor to

Woods Schools becomes aware that this is much more than a school. The rolling, well planned and planted 350 acre campus is a little world unto itself. Nothing seems to have been neglected in caring for and educating these children. From the Child Study, Treatment and Research Center, built in 1958, to the blocks strewn with young abandon (but carefully pushed from the path of faltering young steps by watchful attendants) in the residence of the nursery, kindergarten school, it is evident that if these youngsters have exceptional problems, an exceptional way has been found to deal with them.

The \$750,000 Center, under the direction of Dr. William C. Adamson, houses facilities for thorough diagnosis and evaluation of each child. A complete and modern movie-sound laboratory, a soundproof room used in the study of speech and hearing problems, an encephalographic laboratory, interviewing rooms monitored by a remote control tape recording center, one-way observation wall panels and a medical laboratory manned by accredited personnel, professional affiliation with a medical school, a children's hospital, several psychiatric centers, plus a full-time staff, afford considerable comfort to parents discovering that their child has an exceptional problem. Heretofore, these parents were subjected to what Mr. Johnstone, president of the Schools, refers to as "the dreary round of taking the child from one specialist to another, never quite seeing the whole picture, the total problem." Here in this modern, attractively designed Center, the child is examined, tested, evaluated and channeled into a program designed to make the most of his own abilities, in which he is given every opportunity to reach his full potential.

The students live and attend classes in sixteen residential buildings, including two new ones which house the pre-schoolers, and the original school, 'Greenwood', in which the older girls of good potential live and work. If one approaches with any feeling of uneasiness it is quickly dispelled on entering any one of the residences. There are no iron beds, no hospital white walls, no regimented sameness about the living quarters. Four-poster beds, crisp white curtains, comfortable chairs and an abundance of ship and plane models were the furnishings noted in the older boys' house. Here, too, is a social activities room in which are held various functions, including Boy Scout meetings.

(Continued on Page 12)

WOODS SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 11)

And if one is surprised at this, it must be pointed out that at the school there are *three* Scout troops and that since the advent of scouting there - 11 Eagle Scouts!

Since the keynote of the Schools' program is the acceptance of the whole child, it is not surprising that physical training is an important part of the program. There are facilities for baseball, field sports, tennis, volley ball, swimming and other outdoor activities. Willowood, the Schools' summer camp, established in 1926, combines vacation fun with training and therapy for children six to fourteen.

Following the precepts of its founder, the school does not neglect the social graces. There are trips to concerts, plays and places of historical and cultural interest. Appearance and good grooming are stressed.

Academic courses are offered to boys and girls of good potential. For girls who make slow progress in school subjects, a program of training in home management, sewing, cooking, child care is offered. For boys who do not make normal progress in school work, vocational training is provided; printing, furniture repair and refinishing, shop work, automotive repair, gardening and poultry care.

In 1953, the Schools acquired 'The Village Farm', a former private estate near Langhorne. Here crafts and shop-work, gardening and care of farm animals provide interest for those requiring extended treatment and care.

In 1956, Mollie Woods Hare died. Eight years before her death, 35 years after she founded her school, she gave it away. As unstintingly as she had given her life to the children she loved, she gave her dream into the hands of a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees and endeavored to place at its head a man with her kind of courage and imagination, Edward L. Johnstone. Altho Mr. Johnstone claims 'like Caesar', to have 'thrice refused the crown', in 1953 he finally succumbed and became chief administrator. On meeting Edward Johnstone one knows that Mollie Woods made a wise choice. Charming, articulate, dedicated Edward Johnstone is easy to know and knowing him is knowing Woods Schools.

Mr. Johnstone's association with Mrs. Hare came about through his father, the late Edward Ransom Johnstone, who like his son, had devoted a lifetime to helping handicapped

(Continued on Page 13)

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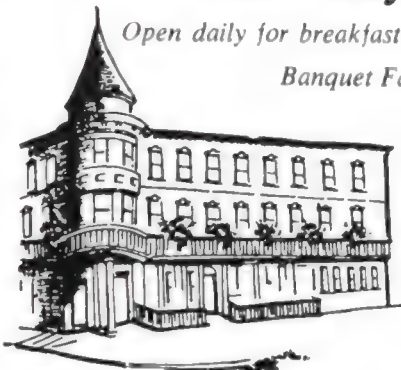
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FI 8-2474

WOODS SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 12)

people. Director of the Training School at Vineland, N. J., he instituted summer classes for those interested in teaching the handicapped child. Here Mollie Woods met the senior Mr. Johnstone and thus began a life-long friendship.

For a short time, first as a school-boy in Vineland, then in Florida, the younger Mr. Johnstone worked as a newspaperman and this is where he thought his future lay. But he admits to growing up 'in institutions' and soon found himself in public service. In 1929, at the ripe old age of twenty-seven, he was appointed superintendent of the then Woodbine State Colony for Feeble-minded Males. On the wall behind his desk at Woods hangs a plaque attesting to his service at Woodbine. He displays it, he says, not for the obvious reason, but because it sums up for him the change in public attitudes toward the mentally handicapped. He had worked for legislation to alter the name of the institution he headed. Two years after he left, the legislation was passed that made a 'home for feeble-minded', the New Jersey State Colony at Woodbine.

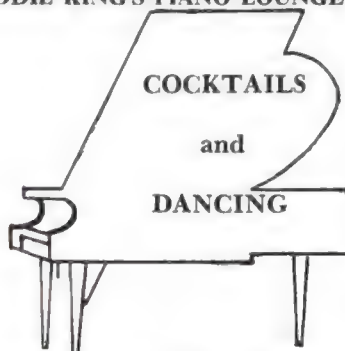
Mr. Johnstone speaks glowingly of the 'X quality' possessed by the people who work with him - a subtle something composed of compassion, patience and courage, perhaps. Enthusiastically, he looks toward the day when public institutions may put private schools of this type out of



Child Study, Treatment & Research Center.

business, such are the strides being made in the field of education and care of the handicapped. In the real, the practical sense this may one day come to pass. But, here is a business founded on a dream, in which courage, compassion and hard work have been invested along with cold cash, and in which the profit is, primarily, human hope. A successful venture? Yes. Surely, these people who deal in the humanities — Mollie Woods kind of people — will be in business a long time. Δ

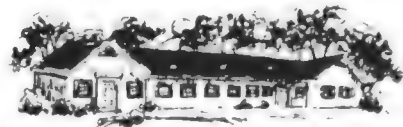
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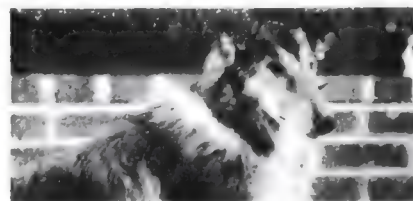
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JOHN T. WELSH..

Bucks County's "Mr. Democrat"

By Bryan Rodgers

hand-picked by Welsh for the chairmanship in 1958, a genial, roly-poly Irishman, who is determined to make sure he has taken his last order from Johnny Welsh. The two men, once close friends are now bitter enemies. Welsh makes no effort to hide the contempt in his voice when he speaks of the party "under Mulligan's tutelage." And Mulligan the 'yes man' who began to say 'no,' speaks of Welsh the way Cuban refugees talk about Castro.

The Mulligan-Welsh dispute began in the fall of 1960 when, "I got wind of a few secret meetings Mulligan was having with so-called lower-end leaders. They wanted to throw me out as party treasurer and destroy my position of leadership," Welsh says.

"I asked Mulligan about it, and at first he denied it. But later he admitted they were plotting and conniving behind my back to kick me out of the party."

Welsh's speech is salty, but it is remarkably free of profanity. (He neither smokes nor drinks.) He can, however, be acidly sarcastic, and has a remarkable ability to tear apart his opponents verbally.

One courthouse reporter who has known him well for years puts it this way: "You'll hear Welsh denouncing somebody, and after it's all over, you get the impression of great profanity. But then you realize that he didn't use a single profane word. He can put so much venom into words like 'Jerk,' or 'bum,' which is his favorite expletive, he makes them sound downright indecent, and almost unprintable."

The battle between Welsh and Mulligan broke into the open in the early spring of 1961 when the Democratic executive committee met to select a slate of candidates for county row offices. Welsh had 16 votes on the committee—Mulligan had 17, and on each and every candidate, the vote ran 17-16.

Referring to the last Democratic defeat at the poles — "Mr. Mulligan's marvelous ticket was defeated by the greatest majority the Republicans ever rolled up in a similar election in the history of the country," Welsh points out in tones designed to leave no doubt in the mind of the listener that if Welsh had had his way, the outcome would have been different.

Welsh is not a man to waste much time getting to the point once his mind is made up.

As a young man he decided to get into Democratic politics, and at the age of 21 ran for committeeman in his ward in Doylestown, and won.

"We were a *minority minority* party in those days. The Democrats didn't amount to much in Doylestown (they still don't) or Bucks County. In fact, it was hardly safe to be a Democrat. 'Democrat' was a nasty word, and you had to walk around with your coat collar turned up for fear somebody would recognize you."

But even in those days, a lot of people around Doylestown recognized Johnny Welsh. Undeterred by the fact that he carried only 135 pounds on his five feet-eight inch frame, Welsh played three years at quarterback for the Doylestown High School football team, and even in his senior year remained the lightest member of the squad. He also played baseball, and he managed the basketball team.

He evidenced early political prowess by getting himself elected class president three times, and he perhaps picked up his flair for the dramatic from the parts he played in school plays.

Life in the Welsh household in the depression years was tough, even though John's father managed to work steadily. He was a PTC conductor in Philadelphia for 50 years. John and his two brothers and three sisters all pitched in to help out with family finances.

Welsh always managed to find a job after school hours. He caddied at the Doylestown Country Club, and of course wound up caddy master. Summers he spent hauling ice around town for the Willard Ice Plant or as a construction worker for A.C. Elfman & Sons contracting firm.

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A meeting of the lusty, brawling, and often explosive Bucks County Democratic Committee, assembled to elect a county chairman, is far and away the most dramatic and exciting political show that Bucks County has to offer. The Democrats en masse are a sight to behold.

If this year's June reorganization meeting is like its predecessors, it will be noisy, violent, insufferably hot, and in marked contrast to the icy calm of John T. Welsh, Bucks County's "Mr. Democrat."

For the occasion, Johnny Welsh will don the kelly green necktie he has worn at similar gatherings over the past 15 years. Since this meeting marks the most crucial challenge he has faced in a political career which spans 27 years, he may pull out all the stops and also wear his kelly green shirt.

Welsh is running for county chairman, a position he held in fact from 1944 to 1952 and in effect from 1952 to 1960. He wants the chairmanship badly, and he has seldom failed to get something if he wanted it badly enough.

Running against Welsh is the incumbent, John C. Mulligan of Bristol,

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Welsh's rise in politics kept pace

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DOYLESTOWN, PENNA.

Four years later, with a strong assist from Republican County Chairman Russell J.T. Ferris, Welsh led his party to its first county-wide win in 50 years. He became the chairman of the county commissioners. (Ferris, who also was county coroner, was convicted of embezzlement, and the Democrats rode into office on the wings of the scandal.)

Welsh's friends, both Democrats and Republicans, often say he was the best commissioner Bucks County ever had, and there is a good deal of evidence to support this view.

In the four years of his administration, without an increase in taxes, the county made tremendous forward strides.

Welsh fulfilled a campaign promise, and equipped each of the county's 169 election districts with voting machines. The county park board was established, the mosquito control commission created and a civil defense program reactivated.

In an effort to attack two pressing county needs—lack of public facilities and basic industry, Welsh authorized the expenditure of \$60,000 for a water and sewage survey of the county, and established the Bucks County Industrial Development Corporation.

The survey is now the basis for work now being undertaken by the Bucks County Water and Sewer Authority.

The most obvious achievement of the Welsh Administration is the \$7 million courthouse and administration building in Doylestown, which is scheduled for completion this month. Its seven stories tower over the surrounding Central Bucks countryside.

personnel or long-time county employees.

As a result, the transition from Republican to Democratic control was smooth.

After spending eight years as a hard-working, dedicated county commissioner, Welsh was unceremoniously booted out of office in the 1959 elections.

His luck, which had been running so good, turned sour all at once.

Bucks, in 1959 was long overdue for a necessary reassessment program, and Welsh decided to institute the program, but to keep it relatively quiet until after the election. The Republicans picked the issue up, but were enjoying only modest success with it. Then, in October, they somehow got hold of two actual real estate reassessment cards from the Board of Assessment and Revision of Taxes. The cards were presented in full-page newspaper ads, and the panic was on. The reassessment program did not mean wholesale tax increases, but a good many people thought it did, and whatever hopes Welsh had of winning the election vanished.

At the same time, he was involved in a dispute with Lower Bucks County Democratic leaders, who claimed he had failed to recognize the

(Continued on Page 16)

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Politics, whether engaged in as a profession, pursued as a hobby, or viewed as a spectator sport, offers varying amounts of drama and excitement.

A meeting of the lusty, brawling, and often explosive Bucks County Democratic Committee, assembled to elect a county chairman, is far and away the most dramatic and exciting political show that Bucks County has to offer. The Democrats en masse are a sight to behold.

If this year's June reorganization meeting is like its predecessors, it will be noisy, violent, insufferably hot, and in marked contrast to the icy calm of John T. Welsh, Bucks County's "Mr. Democrat."

For the occasion, Johnny Welsh will don the kelly green necktie he has worn at similar gatherings over the past 15 years. Since this meeting marks the most crucial challenge he has faced in a political career which spans 27 years, he may pull out all the stops and also wear his kelly green shirt.

Welsh is running for county chairman, a position he held in fact from 1944 to 1952 and in effect from 1952 to 1960. He wants the chairmanship badly, and he has seldom failed to get something if he wanted it badly enough.

Running against Welsh is the incumbent, John C. Mulligan of Bristol,

to three-year-old Dennis.

Welsh's rise in politics kept pace with the growth of his party which has climbed from 6,000 hardy souls in 1935 to 60,000 today. He spent several years as a committeeman before he was elected president of the Bucks County Young Democrats. For eight years prior to 1944 when he was elected county chairman, he was party secretary.

The political situation in Bucks is such, that under normal circumstances, only two Democrats can get elected to high offices — assembly man from Lower Bucks County and minority commissioner. State law requires that one member of the minority party serve on the board of county commissioners, and this of course, is the top political prize the Democratic party in Bucks offers. Welsh was elected minority commissioner in 1951.

Four years later, with a strong assist from Republican County Chairman Russell J.T. Ferris, Welsh led his party to its first county-wide win in 50 years. He became the chairman of the county commissioners. (Ferris, who also was county coroner, was convicted of embezzlement, and the Democrats rode into office on the wings of the scandal.)

Welsh's friends, both Democrats and Republicans, often say he was the best commissioner Bucks County ever had, and there is a good deal of evidence to support this view.

In the four years of his administration, without an increase in taxes, the county made tremendous forward strides.

Welsh fulfilled a campaign promise, and equipped each of the county's 169 election districts with voting machines. The county park board was established, the mosquito control commission created and a civil defense program reactivated.

In an effort to attack two pressing county needs—lack of public facilities and basic industry, Welsh authorized the expenditure of \$60,000 for a water and sewage survey of the county, and established the Bucks County Industrial Development Corporation.

The survey is now the basis for work now being undertaken by the Bucks County Water and Sewer Authority.

The most obvious achievement of the Welsh Administration is the \$7 million courthouse and administration building in Doylestown, which is scheduled for completion this month. Its seven stories tower over the surrounding Central Bucks countryside.

The vigorous and expensive nature of the Welsh administration has been attacked with force by more conservative Republicans, but no one can dispute the fact, that while in office, Welsh ran a tight ship. He was and is thoroughly familiar with all operations of county government, and he personally supervised the whole operation.

"The s.o.b. could tell you how many paper clips you had in your desk," a former county employee has remarked.

The Democrats, despite the fact that they were on the outside looking in for half a century, did not run wild in the courthouse. Welsh was very careful in his housecleaning operations, and while he naturally enough replaced many Republican job holders with Democrats, he refused, in many cases over the protests of his own party faithful, to get rid of key office personnel or long-time county employees.

As a result, the transition from Republican to Democratic control was smooth.

After spending eight years as a hard-working, dedicated county commissioner, Welsh was unceremoniously booted out of office in the 1959 elections.

His luck, which had been running so good, turned sour all at once.

Bucks, in 1959 was long overdue for a necessary reassessment program, and Welsh decided to institute the program, but to keep it relatively quiet until after the election. The Republicans picked the issue up, but were enjoying only modest success with it. Then, in October, they somehow got hold of two actual real estate reassessment cards from the Board of Assessment and Revision of Taxes. The cards were presented in full-page newspaper ads, and the panic was on. The reassessment program did not mean wholesale tax increases, but a good many people thought it did, and whatever hopes Welsh had of winning the election vanished.

At the same time, he was involved in a dispute with Lower Bucks County Democratic leaders, who claimed he had failed to recognize the

(Continued on Page 16)

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JOHN WELSH
(Continued from Page 15)

lower-end leaders and had been unfair in patronage appointments.

These Democrats, led by Milton Berkes, chairman of the Falls Township Board of Supervisors, opened up an anti-Welsh campaign drive. The result was that when the balloting was over, Welsh finished behind the other Democratic candidate, Adolph A. Andrews. He was out of the courthouse.

Welsh thinks now that the Democrats were premature in their '55 victory. "With or without the ticket cutting, we would have lost in 1959. I was upset because the Democrats didn't deserve to be turned out of office. We ran a real, good business-like operation. I feel that if the people knew then what they know now, we would have won. If they compare our administration with the present Republican administration, they would simply have to agree that by comparison ours was better," he says.

John Welsh inspires in some men the sort of personal loyalty that is rare in politics, and in others, real personal hatred.

To some men he stands for honest, competent leadership. To others, he is a petty dictator bent on either getting his own way or destroying the party he helped build. Lower-end leaders bitterly resent the fact that many of the Welsh's supporters are in the Upper and Central Bucks where Democrats are comparatively few, and they claim that prior to Mulligan's takeover of party control, the Democratic party in Bucks County was little more than a rubber stamp for Welsh.

There is a good deal to be said for both points of view. Welsh's greatest asset is his uncompromising honesty and extraordinary knowledge of government and politics at all levels. But he is not a modest man, nor is he patient, and he often says and does things which make him appear to be intolerant of others in the party organization.

Welsh takes a philosophical view of his party's factionalism: "Any outfit that is growing and forging ahead has conflicts. You'll find this in every county. When you don't have them you're in trouble. The problem in this county has been aggravated by the population boom in the Levittown-Fairless Hills area and we have had some trouble blending the old and the new. But we are improving our position all the time. We are a growing, vital party, and in five years this will be a Democratic county." Δ



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Gifts for the Bride

Gifts for the Groom

What shall we give the bride?" is a question asked more and more as June wedding time approaches. This year, let's consider that oft-neglected, but most important individual — the groom — as well as the smiling bride in selecting the wedding gift. For a gift idea to delight both happy people, something that can be used gratefully and constantly for many years, we need look no farther than the kitchen. A single piece, or a matching set of well-designed, good quality cookware is as appropriate and welcome as the traditional offerings of linens, silver, china and glassware.

In fact, long before the "I do" is said many a bride-to-be has enough of everything to set a gracious table. But, she may have given little thought to the kitchen department. Yet, when the new husband and wife sit down to those cozy, intimate dinners it's really the food and the way it is cooked, that smooth or ruffles the road to the groom's happiness and satisfaction.

Now, delicious meals are easier to prepare when the cookware is right. So, in giving such a gift, please do consider the rightness from several viewpoints. Perhaps of prime importance is efficiency in performing its basic function — that of conveying heat evenly, thoroughly and rapidly to the food to speed cooking time and preserve flavor.

In selecting a cookware gift there

is a wide choice of attractive and highly efficient designs and variety of types from small fry pans to large roasters, from coffee makers to chafing dishes. Some of these are beautiful enough to go straight from the oven or top of range to the table. Others, quite new on the kitchen horizon in lovely colors keyed to the modern kitchen. For example, some beautifully designed pans have covers in a gleaming anodized finish in turquoise, copper and bronze tones. Then, there are cast aluminum sets with porcelain-enamel baked on the outside of the utensil and its cover. These come in colors to delight the heart — pink, yellow, sandalwood, turquoise. Some of these are coated inside with the very new non-stick Teflon in jet black. Other non-stick cookware is available in fry pans, saucepans, griddles and even in electric skillets. This non-stick coating, Teflon, makes these vessels just about perfect for preparing foods that have a tendency to stick to the pan. Hamburgers, eggs pancakes, cream sauce all can be cooked entirely without added grease and removed from Teflon-finished vessels with ease, always using the wooden spoon or spatula which comes with the utensil.

You'll find shopping for the newlywed's cookware a delightful experience — and perhaps will find yourself replenishing your own stock with some of these attractive, efficient new utensils. Δ

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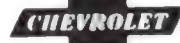
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Ship of Fools by Katherine Anne Porter. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$6.50.

One travels slowly when encountering a literary masterpiece, if only to prolong a rare experience. He examines the title page, goes further to find the book dedicated to a neighbor: "FOR BARBARA WESTCOTT 1932 Paris, Rambouillet, Davoplatz, Salzburg, Munich, New York, Mulhock-away, Rosemont: 1962."

Katherine Anne Porter's title, *Ship of Fools*, is a translation of *Das Narrenschiff*, a moral allegory by 15th century German writer, Sebastian Brant. She read the tale in 1932—about a ship filled with fools on its way to the Land of Fools — her first voyage to Europe still fresh in her mind; and she began work on this book, awaited by the literary world for thirty years.

Miss Porter's ship, *Vera*, started on her voyage from Veracruz, Mexico, August 22, 1931, finished in Bremmerhaven, September 17, 1931. She carried 938 people including Captain Thiele, his crew, and 836 Spaniards crowded into the steerage. Twenty-six days at sea transformed the ship into a separate world where the main characters acted as catalytic agents to each other. Miss Porter shifted from one group to the other, uniting her visions through the universals of love, insecurity, malevolence, hostility, impersonal evil. There is no plot, or the plot is life and its incongruities, lived by those whom it has defeated and those who battle it.

Among the fifty main characters, seventeen Germans were returning to their fatherland and the impending German-Jewish crisis. They voiced their monstrous credos in the privacy of their cabins, on deck and in their coveted positions at the captain's table. They cued each other with the platitudes that led to genocide. Miss Porter satirized the indoctrinated rote to a point of terrifying stupidity. Memorable among the group was Herr Siegfried Rieber, publisher of a ladies' garment trade magazine. His ship-

board romance, Fräulein Lizzi Spöck-enkieker, was that anomaly, a truly homely woman who considered herself irresistibly beautiful.

David Scott and Jenny Brown, callow, immature, moody, and occasionally attractive, were Americans, constantly at odds with themselves and each other.

La Condesa, a Spanish noblewoman being exiled to Tenerife, was the most unforgettable character aboard. She was courageous, unintimidated by ridicule, scorn or the hopelessness of her predicament. Her tragedy lay in her necessity to fortify her courage with ether.

The Spanish zarzuela company, a group of singers and dancers who called themselves gypsies, were the ever-present demons of evil, no easier to cope with because this was obvious.

Indeed they were all fools, fools of life, and their destiny was as certain as the final port of Bremmerhaven, and as inescapable. Yet Miss Porter insisted on a certain sympathy toward the most hateful. For she endeavored, with a special irony, to flash a series of enlightening truths, brief episodes in the ship's day, which she unified and clarified with a polished style and perceptive intelligence. She succeeded. And we can be grateful she knew the reasons for her character's behavior, that her judgements were tempered and benign. For we will all find disturbing facets of ourselves among the *Vera's* passengers.

—Peggy Lewis

The Movies by Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer. New York: A Bonanza Book, Crown Publications, \$5.95.

This encyclopedic volume on the movies is a Spectacular in itself. Collaborators, Richard Griffith, Curator of Films for New York's Museum of Modern Art, and Arthur Mayer, one of the best-known and informed in the movie field, began with Mr. Edison's Kinetoscope, first publicly flicked April 23, 1896. Then they reeled through a giddy three score of the American screen.

Four hundred thirty-seven pages illustrated with stills illuminate what we have been; where we are going; how we have changed. Censors blotted out debatable aspects of Fatima's Egyptian shimmy in 1896, (p.3); but the parts they left exposed produced a document of Victorian glamor. Decade by decade the ideals of glamor, beauty, virtue, flash by until the camera became too complex to let it

Peggy Lewis, Book Review Editor

go at that. Sound became part of the picture, and the camera eye got tricky. Movies concerned themselves with the problems of society in the thirties and forties. After the first half century we could look back in all nostalgia, activism and criticism of our former selves. Furthermore, we gained a social document, certainly enlightening to future students of socio-cultural patterns of U.S.A., first half of the 20th century.

Among the myriad stills is one from Kenyon Nicholson's *Sailor Beware*. Dorothy Parker wrote the scenario, during the time she was living in Tinicum. Mr. Nicholson informed us that Hollywood was having a big "clean-up" then, and Miss Parker was given orders to take out all sex. She claimed that this was not difficult; it was impossible.

The authors lamented, in the preface, the fact that so many marvellous stills could not be used. Here, the selections, in the hands of two such knowing men, pointed up with a direct, informative text, produced the biography of a vital industry, born this century.

The Quaker Reader. Edited and introduced by Jessamyn West. New York: The Viking Press, Inc. \$6.95.

The author of *The Friendly Persuasion* has made this an invaluable anthology by the careful selection of writings from diaries, journals and essays by Friends and non-Friends. The inclusion of such diversified material as William Penn's letters to the Indians, dated October 18th, 1681; Voltaire's observations of the Quakers; and Nora Waln's impressions of the American Friends Service Committee's work in post-war Germany, give catholic appeal to *The Quaker Reader*.

Jessamyn West's introduction is reflective and provocative. She has drawn on her Quaker ancestry for historical accuracy and gone on to compare Quakerism with other present day thought.

This is not a book to be read from start to finish in one gulp. It is for that special time of day, be it early morning or just before going to sleep, when the mind is most receptive.

—Marietta Gowdy

The Guilty Ones. by Daniel Telfer. New York: Signet, Paper. 75c

Sedalia is not much different from any other small California town. Daniel Telfer, author of *The Guilty Ones*, chooses several troubled adults

and two mixed-up teen-agers from this community. She observes the confusions of their lives as it runs rampant and becomes violently destructive, all the while seeing with a compassionate eye. Her characters are real. Their tragedy lies in their inability to cope, even when they recognize where the guilt lies. Mrs. Telfer writes vividly and simply of issues that concern us all.

Charlotte and Emma met the boy one morning on their way to school, as they watched and envied the swallows skimming. The boy taught Charlotte to fly like the swallows; then Emma; then, one by one, every child in their school. And, for one season, a flock of children spent their summer hours in the most thrilling game of their lives: sailing and careening, dropping and braking, swooping and flying over the countryside of a small English village. Penelope Farmer's *The Summer Birds* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$2.95) has and communicates her exalted feeling for nature in a flow of brilliant, sun-lit imagery that captures the view of all airborne beings and the imagination of the earth-bound. This is a jewel of a book and no recant of *Peter Pan*. James J. Spanfeller's line drawings are perceptive and right for the text. Adults should read it too.

Aab believed that nothing could be solved by violence, and he would not kill any creature. His credo, unusual enough for man, was downright non-conformist and unacceptable to a tribe of orangoutans whose chief was Aab's grandfather. In *The Challenge of Aab* (Harpers, \$2.95), J. E. Sperry tells how this young orangoutan stood for and lived by his principles; how his questioning intelligence and friendliness with other species — even dreaded "man" — achieved far more than the brute strength of his critics. Set in Borneo, the book gives a vivid picture of the jungle, its vegetation and its creatures. The story is exciting, paced fast with never a lag. Inspired by delinquent boys to write this jungle parable, Mr. Sperry has a lesson in values for all the young: that violence never solves any problem were intelligence may.

Forever-Mountain's legs were "thick as the trunks of small trees," and he was conceited about his strength. One autumn day, on his way to wrestle before the Emperor of Japan, he met a jolly girl named Maru-me. She, her mother, and her grandfather, all three wrestlers, changed Forever-Mountain's life. Claus Stamm retells, in *Three Strong Women* (Viking, \$2.50), a charming folk tale in a style that evokes many a chuckle.

DIALING SYSTEM CHANGES

Thousands of Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania customers in this area will have seven figure telephone numbers instead of the present two-letter-five-figure numbers starting June 17.

The new system is called "All Number Calling" or "ANC", Harry A. Bigley, local manager of the company said.

When ANC starts, three figures will prefix the last four figures to telephone numbers: for example, Fillmore 8-9396 will become 348-9396.

In most cases these three-figures will prefix the last four figures of present telephone numbers. However, fourteen customers' numbers will have to be changed entirely because of equipment rearrangements, the manager stated. These subscribers were notified of the change.

Scheduled for ANC numbers in June are the following central offices and their new three-figure designation:

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Axtel	297	Carversville
Cherry	249	Dublin
Clifford	256	Harleysville
Fillmore	348	Doylestown
Keystone	536	Quakertown
Lynwood	598	Wycombe
Oxbow	699	North Wales
Parkway	723	Souderton
Pyramid	794	Buckingham
Roger	766	Plumsteadville
Vandyke	822	Chalfont
Volunteer	862	New Hope

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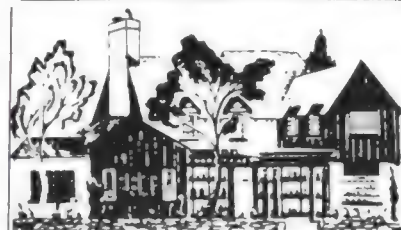
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AZTEC SUN DIAL AND CALENDAR

Mexico

(Wall Hanging)

The Aztec Indians of Central Mexico had achieved a highly developed culture by the time of the Spanish Conquest. They are known for the stone wheel, or calendar, which uses the 260-day year and the 52-year cycle. Stone Finish
AZ708 — \$17.00
19" diameter



HEAD — *Amedeo Modigliani* (1884 - 1920) Born in Livorno and a student in Florence, Italy, Modigliani worked in Paris. He was influenced by Cubism and Negro art, but he developed a unique, personal style.

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Legend tells us of the Quaker farmer, circa 1750, who decided to build the finest stone farmhouse in Bucks County. Achieving his dream cost him the tidy sum of a full year's income which no doubt labelled him the leading spendthrift of his day, in that conservative society. However prodigal it seemed then, he "built" well and his farmhouse in Buckingham Township . . . now one of Bucks County's most beautifully successful restorations . . . stands a graceful and lasting tribute to the foresight of that first owner.

Robert C. Froehlich, photographer and artist, some two hundred and fifty years later, harbored a similar dream — to some day own a Bucks County home with the finest photographic facilities available. Today, the completed labor of love stands, a beautiful example of a dream made tangible.

It began for the Froehlich's some four years ago with the purchase of the property on Route 202 just outside of Doylestown and ended some thousands of man work hours later. The "Do-it-yourselfers" included Carl Froehlich, a building craftsman of the old school; Carl, Junior, also a builder and Robert C., the well-known photographer. Since the whole family was involved in this project the distaff side cheered them on with lemonade and advice, gallons of tea and advice, coffee and sandwiches and advice, ad infinitum.

The photographs on the left show how faithfully the Froehlich's have retained the traditional simplicity and line of the old farmhouse and out-buildings — the magnificent old barn is truly a work of art. They found the main timbers still usable after all these years and incorporated the finest of the old into the new studio. The huge barn doors converted into large window areas gave northern and southern exposures and the many small doorways were also turned into windows spilling floods of sun and light into the spacious interior. The old hayloft is now a charming VIP lounge reached by one of the last circular staircases built in the county. The darkroom and office are tucked under the balcony. All combine to provide the perfect background needed for some of the effects used in today's photography and the finished work speaks for itself when you see "photo by Froehlich!"



Interior Showing old beams & stonework.



Construction of studio and offices



Carl Froehlich Sr. turns the hand-rail.

Stone barn before restoration

Rear of barn showing work in progress.

Studio-Barn as it looks today.





Cornerstone of this charming Bucks County farmhouse bears the date 1796. Rarely has one of these old houses been so faithfully restored as shown by this painting of the house, as it was originally, courtesy of Alan Horger, former owner. This recent shot by Bob Froehlich was taken from the same angle of house, trees and outbuildings.





Long Beach Island Lore

By John Lawrence

All day the 25 Americans worked feverishly removing box after box of cargo from an English cutter that had run aground on a sandy strip of land six miles at sea. Now it was night, the last box had been removed, and the men collapsed on the beach in a deep sleep. Only five slept light enough to see the next day. The rest were shot or cut to pieces by a group of Tory raiders that crept over the sand dunes and fell upon them as they slept. The place was Long Beach Island, the date was October 25, 1782, and the event became known as "The Long Beach Massacre." It is certainly not a mild piece of history. But it does illustrate the point that Long Beach has quite a past. In fact, one of these days Hollywood will probably find itself running out of historical scripts, and when that happens it would do well to look into Long Beach, which has seen the best of shipwrecks, pirates, buried treasure and violent storms.

It all began long ago when the continental shelf started rising. Up popped a sandy whisp of an island off the Jersey shore no larger than a mile wide and 18 miles long. To a gull it must have looked like a giant stringbean. But to Indians encamped across the bay, in a village built on pilings near the present site of Tuckerton, it must have looked fascinating. They had arrived before Long Beach was fully out of the water and one can

imagine the fine, sleepy plans they had for it when it was finally high and dry. Unfortunately, they never got the chance to realize them, because by the time the island was high and dry, so was their village. High and dry and extremely vulnerable! Down swooped a horde of Lenni Lenape Indians killing every last man, woman and child. The Lenapes had covered a lot of America in their relentless search for suitable hunting grounds. It had taken ages and a great many battles to get this far. A good portion of the tribe had settled in the Delaware Valley, but to those who had pushed on and eventually saw the Long Beach region, the island and all around it must have looked like a little piece of Shangri-La. Small wonder they did in the first settlers so quickly and thoroughly.

Life on Long Beach was good to the Lenapes, especially in the summer. Word quickly spread to their brothers in Delaware Valley, and after planting their fields in the spring, they would pack up the family and spend the summer on Long Beach. Why not? It is easy to see what it was like then, with the ocean and inland waters jumping with fish, the marshes and beaches crawling with clams, crabs and oysters, and the forests on the mainland filled with deer, bear and other game. And then along came that great creature of mass confusion, the white man, and everything changed.

Many historians give the credit to Henry Hudson, sailing for the Dutch East India Company, as being the first white man to set foot on Long Beach — on Thursday, September 3, 1609. (Even though England claimed Sebastian Cabot had beaten Hudson to it by some 110 years, and subsequently went on to file claim to all of New Jersey.) Hudson was looking, as many people were at that time, for a Northwest Passage to the Indies. Robert Juet, one of his mates, looked carefully at the island and wrote in the ship's log: "This is a very good land to fall in with and a pleasant land to see." If Juet only knew how perceptive he had been. Five years later the Dutchman Cornelius Jacobsen May, sailing from New Amsterdam on a leisurely cruise of exploration, spotted a sizable inlet just off the northern point of the island. It was apparently alive with crashing waves when he saw it, because he named it "Barendegat." Translation: "Inlet of Breakers." The name stuck, eventually undergoing a metamorphosis to Barndegat and finally — to Barnegat. The good captain sent exploring parties ashore and they stumbled upon great quantities of eggs left by sea birds. In some locations the larger birds predominated; in others the smaller ones. So Captain May, once again rising to the challenge of naming sites, came up with "Great and Little Egg Harbor," both of which stuck. And to the whole region he gave the name "Eyren Haven" — Harbor of Eggs. The English, however, feeling that this was too much of a mouthful, even for eggs, shortened it to "Egg Harbor." And that stuck, too.

So the white man had landed and colonization wasn't far behind. It took the Dutch and English until 1664 to straighten out their claims to the New Jersey area. The English finally got the upper hand and held it. Small communities sprung up, mostly on the mainland at first, but one by one they began turning up on Long Beach as well. The Lenapes, falling back farther and farther before the onrush of the white man, but never once raising their tomahawks in resentment, finally were given 3,044 acres to live on in 1758 by the Colonial Government. The site was near Atsion, in Burlington County, and was the first Indian reservation in America. It was later named "Indian Mills."

During the Revolution, Long Beach Island was something of a nuisance to the British. For one thing, there was its position — literally six miles at sea — which afforded Americans a sharp view of any British ships try-

ing to skulk along the coast. For another — and this was mighty important — the tricky, shallow inlets and bays behind it afforded snug protection to American privateers, many of whom used the mainland port of Tuckerton as home base. There were sometimes as many as 30 of these ships in the Tuckerton Harbor at once. And as regular as clockwork they would sail out, past Long Beach, and raise havoc with British shipping from New York Harbor to the Delaware River. When the Redcoats spotted one of them, of course, the chase was on — that is, it was on until the privateer sailed through one of the inlets. After that, it was a simple case of cruising along near the back of Long Beach and on into Tuckerton. The British, with their heavier, larger ships, knew better than to try to follow them in. Almost certainly they would have piled up on a sandbar, and after that, in a prison. Undoubtedly, they pulled up before the entrance to the inlet, fired a few angry rounds, and then, like a dog that has chased a bear into his lair and fully realizes the painful folly of trying to follow him in, turned around and went home, grumbling and growling. That blasted strip of an island! The situation certainly could not have been a life-and-death matter for the British. One assumes that they had bigger problems to attend to elsewhere. But it was, clearly, a nuisance. British shipping was sometimes losing its pants to the privateers, and not only that, supplies were going through Tuckerton to Washington's army at Valley Forge. Finally, the British ran out of patience and forthwith dispatched nine warships and 700 picked men from New York. Tuckerton (as well as Chestnut Neck, another port) was to be put out of business! But Washington had learned of the scheme before the ships were scarcely underway, and when the British dropped anchor off the bar at Brigantine (about five miles south of Long Beach) and went ashore in barges, they found a shirt-sleeved force of Patriots waiting for them behind hastily dug sand banks. The American privateers had disappeared from Tuckerton, and in their place sat Count Casimir Pulaski, the American General, with the pick of his troops. The British got some satisfaction out of the move, however, burning Chestnut Neck, a few houses and buildings, and about 30 small ships. But touch the privateers they did not, and touch Tuckerton they did not, either. They could have, easily, if Long Beach had not stood directly

across the bay in front of it.

The ship, the symbol of history at its freewheeling best has always played a prominent part in Long Beach's development. But there was a time when they avoided the island like the plague. Stretching out some three miles, beginning at Barnegat Beach, was a shoal (and presumably it is still there in some form), an underwater sandbar so treacherous, whose grip was so final, that it was called "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." No one knows how many ships ended their days on this underwater demon. But history does record that from roughly 1838 - 1878, more than 125 vessels came ashore. All told, some 400 or 500 must have piled up during the course of history. The residents of Long Beach (and by this time a stage line from Philadelphia to Tuckerton had opened up the island), trying to live with this menace, became proficient at salvage and life saving. The story goes that in September, 1846, a sloop struck the bar and capsized. Its hull came in through the breakers bottoms up, and when two Long Beach residents got near it, they heard tapping. They chopped through it and found, unhurt, the young daughter of the captain, who had drowned along with his entire crew! But of all the wrecks, none was more famous than that of the Francis, which came ashore May 8, 1897, loaded down with the finest wines, liquors and brandies. In all, there must have been more than 3,000 barrels of the stuff aboard, and when the ship began breaking up, most of them washed up on shore. The people,

inquisitive and dry, came down ready for salvage, but when they broke open several barrels — hallelujah! It is extremely doubtful if any island, town or city saw anything near the likes of the party that took place after that on Long Beach.

Being six miles out at sea, Long Beach saw a good many ships pass its shore, and not all of them, as the saying goes, were on the level. More than once the Jolly Roger slipped past. Almost every seaside resort claims that pirates visited its shores at least once, but Long Beach is one of the few that can actually verify the claim. About 1886, a sloop anchored a mile offshore near Beach Haven and two mariners rowed in. The crew at the Little Egg Harbor Life Saving Station fed them (The station at Harvey Cedars, incidentally, was the first in America.) and during the meal the men asked the location of the "two cedars" and whether the old lighthouse near them was still standing. The next morning the lookout in the Station, using binoculars, saw them digging furiously between the two landmarks. They soon brought up a large, ancient iron-bound chest, and began putting its contents into bags. Then they ran for the beach and their boat, rowed out to their anchored sloop, and were gone. When the Life Saving crew got to the hole, they found the empty chest, an old rusty cutlass, and some ancient Spanish coins scattered about in the sand. Then they examined the two cedars found ancient cryptic marks cut deeply into the bark, and underfoot, crumpled in the sand where

(Continued on Page 26)

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Drag Racing in Bucks

By Roswell S. Eddy

Man had no sooner devised a chariot to move himself across the earth than he began challenging his neighbor to a race. The competitive spirit is strong, dies hard, and is impervious to editorial hand-wringing deploring the carnage of the race-tracks.

Some forms of motorcar racing have died out. Country fair board-track racing which flourished in the 1920s is finished. The city-to-city races sponsored by newspapers or car manufacturers fifty and more years ago have disappeared.

The ultimate in automobile racing is the public road race of which there is none left in this country. The closed course on private grounds makes possible control of the spectators.

Drag racing had its inception in California, spread to the middle West, and is gaining in popularity in the East. The National Hot Rod Association for the past eleven years has assumed responsibility for rules enforcement at all sanctioned drag races in this country. Nearly seventy different competition classes have been set up with rigid safety measures spelled out.

Locally at the 25-acre Vargo Drag-way just off the Ridge Road, four miles east of Perkasio, drag races are held every Sunday, April to October. Here the rules are enforced by the Lehigh Valley Timing Association. This group was formed in 1951 largely through the efforts of an Allentown entertainer, Luther Gehring, better known as "Dopey Duncan."

Present officers are Henry Blodgett, president, Chalfont; James Seidel, treasurer, Allentown; Willard Greenberger, secretary, Lansdale.

Each Sunday at Vargo's about two hundred cars compete. Of these about one hundred and sixty are more or less stock cars, rated horsepower to manufacturers' weight. The rest are competition cars rated cubic inches to actual weight.

Trophies are competed for on a thirty-five hundred foot drag strip consisting of two thirty foot lanes macadamized. Two cars race at a time, the winner being the one to reach the finish line first. Electronic timers, accurate to 1/100 of a second are used. A speed trap of one hundred thirty-two feet near the middle of the drag strip is used to clock the maximum miles per hour for each car. A special dragster, exhibition type, was clocked at 179 mph. here.

The "shot-rod" who belongs to no drag racing club but instead is often a hazard on the public road bears no resemblance to the club member.

Typical of the fine members of the "hot rod" group at Vargo's is Bob Anderson, 6411 Overbrook Avenue, Philadelphia, who drives a 1962 Chevrolet with an experimental engine. Bob is sponsored by a Chevrolet dealer. Presently a lineman for Western Union, he expects to continue his college education.

Quakertown's Banas brothers have a remarkable car, a 1932 Chevrolet coupe, with '62 Corvette engine, a 1941 Chevrolet pickup truck front and a 1957 Chevrolet rear end.

When you come to Vargo's look up Joe Gardner whose "Northwind" is a '62 Chevrolet 409 with four-speed Hurst floor shift, superstock 9.00 by 14 Racemaster tires on the rear, and Jardine headers, Joe competes also at Vineland, New Jersey, Hagerstown, Maryland, and York, Pennsylvania where he was clocked at 110.56 mph on Saturday, May 12. He is a technical sergeant at Olmstead Air Force Base, Harrisburg.

Joe never drives that beautiful red car except in competition, always tows it in order to keep the finely tuned engine just right. That's dedication to a sport. Δ

LONG BEACH ISLAND

(Continued from Page 25)

the two men had left it, was a map, yellow and old. Long John? Captain Kidd? Who? Who buried the treasure? And what was its value? Sadly, we'll never know, but we do know that Long Beach saw its share of pirates, for coins of all nations have been found periodically on the beach.

So go the stories that make up the magic, the lure of Long Beach Island. From the air, it is a frail looking piece of land. Yet it is capable of withstanding everything that nature and man can throw at it. And it has always been capable of providing the American family with as fine a vacation as it can find anywhere. Many Bucks County residents have been spending their summers on it for years. In fact, the information for this story was taken from a book written by a Bucks County man, who was kind enough to allow us to use it. His name is Charles Edgar Nash and he owns the fine antique shop down the road in Hartsville. Mr. Nash, a former newspaperman, wrote his book — "The Lure of Long Beach" — in 1936. (He also wrote "Trailer Ahoy!" in 1937, and "The Magic of Miami Beach" in 1938.) It is a well-written and compelling book but, although it has had several printings, copies are not easy to come by now. If you wish one, we suggest you stop in on Mr. Nash. Δ



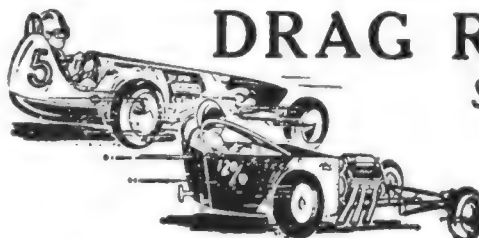
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New Hope - Fact or Fancy?

By Marguerite Karaczan

How did you happen to move to New Hope?"

Every time I hear that question I suspect that it is one that gets asked about ten times as frequently as, say, "How did you happen to move to Peoria?"

When the questioner is a neighbor, the implication is clear. What they are really asking is, "How come you settled 'way out here when your husband works all the way down in Paoli?" In that case, it's a legitimate question and deserves a legitimate answer: We are a horse-happy family with insufficient funds for a suburban estate. The grass may be greener in West Chester, but the price per blade is prohibitive."

When visiting firemen ask the same question, the look in their eyes always puts me off. It says, clearer than words, "You actually live here. Is this town really as kookie as it's cracked up to be?"

The answer to that one is not so simple. Tell them that it's a good town in which to raise children and animals, which it is, and they dismiss it. "Sure", they say, "but that's not why anybody moves here, is it?"

Now there's a stumper.

What it comes down to, of course, is that there are really two New Hopes—the one where your kids go to school, Sunday School and Scouts and where you join the P. T. A., borrow books from the local library and shop for hamburger. The other is the New Hope that exists only in the mind of the tourist, a wondrous hamlet composed entirely of merchants and artists.

Now before going any further, let me hasten to state that like all loyal citizens of New Hope, I just love tourists. Let's face it. Without them, our local economy would grind to a halt within a matter of weeks. All I'm trying to point out is that there is more to New Hope than art galleries, fancy shops, restaurants and the Playhouse.

I am not trying to argue that New Hope is just like any other small town. Heaven forfend! I dare say there aren't many towns with a population that falls short of a thousand souls that can boast four art galleries, for instance. However, when people speak of New Hope, be they tourists or

residents, they really are speaking of the whole area that surrounds it as well as the town itself. The residents of Solebury Township, 3200 strong, seldom bother to explain to outsiders about their separate government. When they say they live in New Hope it seems a justifiable half truth in view of the fact that most of them get their mail from the New Hope Post Office and their children are educated in a joint New Hope-Solebury school system. They casually gloss over the fact that a large percentage of the shops on Route 202, or Antique Alley, are actually across the line in Buckingham.

Allen Ward, editor of the Bucks County Gazette, New Hope's weekly newspaper, likes to claim that "We are bounded on the south by Ezra Stone, on the west by Pearl Buck and on the north by James Michener."

The truth is that this eminent trio all reside in neighboring townships, but they are such fixtures on the "greater New Hope" scene that for every item the Gazette publishes about their artistic accomplishments it prints two about the milk production records of Mr. Stone's registered cows, Miss Buck's placement home for bi-racial children, Welcome House, and Mr. Michener's political activities. It's possible that our neighboring communities take a dim view of the long arm of New Hope reaching out to claim their celebrities as its own. If so, they are very tactful about it.

Being located as New Hope is, half-

way between New York and Philadelphia, has its advantages and its disadvantages. One of the main advantages is that we are just far enough away from both places to encourage any wholesale invasion by the commuting crowd. They may envy our way of life, but not our lack of public transportation. However, even the most rural among us are used to playing host to city friends with a yen to "do" New Hope, thus giving us a chance to visit the more esoteric local attractions that we never seem to have time for otherwise.

Strolling around town on a Saturday or Sunday (the state Blue Laws having failed to halt the lemming like tide of tourists who still come to look even when they can't buy) one becomes aware of hundreds of staring eyes as our visitors play their perpetual game of trying to tell the natives from the other tourists.

I hate to disillusion them, but it can't be done. Our local citizenry includes some very exotic types, to be sure, but we also attract some pretty far-out visitors. There is one exception to this rule, the Matinee Ladies who take the town over completely every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon when the Playhouse is open, filling the air with their high-pitched chatter and the local tills with their long-suffering husbands' money. They are easily distinguished by their little flowered hats and the spike heels which they insist on wearing while

(Continued on Page 32)



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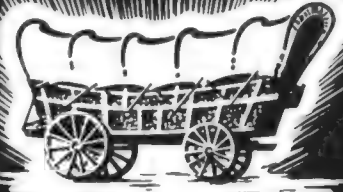
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van den Haag, author of the Harpers article, is appropriately academic and serious about the subject, while playwright Roman is a little less so, in fact some say he was positively flip. It is a rather serious subject, and I wish Mr. Roman had had the impulse to make his audience think a little bit more and laugh a little bit less.

The character in the play who thinks about this problem, a gracious and intelligent girl named Robin Austin, is played by Shirley Knight, as captivating a little comedienne as you will ever hope to see in your life. She is engaged to a lawyer (attorney he calls himself!) named Dave Manning, for whom (she says) she feels a strong physical desire but wonders whether this is enough to sustain her through a lifetime of marriage. Her doubts seem thoroughly justified, since the object of her affection, played by Russell Nye, seemed to me unworthy to unbutton her briefcase, let alone her blouse. An extremely articulate but improbable roué called Hogan, heroically executed by Gene Rayburn, and Irene Wilson (Ann Summers), an Older Friend with troubles of her own, help thicken the plot. Thicken? They practically congeal it.

What can I say about a play like this? It's slick, it's tight, it's very professional, and very funny. Even if it weren't all of these things, this Shirley Knight would be worth seeing if she were just giving an agricultural report to the Supreme Soviet. But it is a very funny play. All the time I was laughing I was thinking how I hate to see a genuine social problem sacrificed to a collection of wisecracks, some of which are not so subtle, and I hate to see a genuine character like

Love. This seems to be the social science discovery of the year, something like "inferiority complex" a few years back. Only a society stupefied and bemused by 50 years of Hollywood movies can consider this notion fresh and brilliant, worthy of two plays in rapid succession.

Graham Greene's treatment was perhaps a little more serious than Lawrence Roman's; it was also, unfortunately, considerably drearier. The fault, dear Brutus, may very easily have been not in ourselves, but in our stars, for in this kind of play, so teddibly English and so teddibly clipped, the performers must not merely shine, they must coruscate, and coruscate is one thing this performance emphatically did not. Martha Scott and Patrick Horgan were the most unimpassioned pair of lovers since Laurence Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad did Tristan and Isolde without the sound track, Dana Elcar delineated the dull deceived dentist husband with deadly drill-like precision. They were not noticeably upstaged by the balance of the cast, with the exception of Eric Elgar, who was delightfully amusing as a foreigner bewildered in his own country, and Pieter Bergema, who, as a hotel valet, sustained a perfectly credible air of perpetual incredulity.

It may be, or course, that the performers shared my lack of enthusiasm for their lines and had some difficulty in concealing it. My own private feeling is that at its very best this play is nothing more than watered down Noel Coward without the wit and the music. I'll never know, because I'd never go to see it again, not even with Nell Gwyn. Δ



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By Art Carduner

AN article in the May issue of *The Harpers* entitled "Love or Marriage?" suggests that a man and woman "in love", that is, under the spell of a mutual attraction, might be blissfully happy spending a night, a week-end or a month together but suffer the torments of the damned if they contracted to spend the rest of their lives together. This is not necessarily an original idea, and I mention it only because the same idea seems to have occurred to Lawrence Roman, author of "Under the Yum-Yum Tree" which opened the season at Bucks County Playhouse. Professor van den Haag, author of the *Harpers* article, is appropriately academic and serious about the subject, while playwright Roman is a little less so, in fact some say he was positively flip. It is a rather serious subject, and I wish Mr. Roman had had the impulse to make his audience think a little bit more and laugh a little bit less.

The character in the play who thinks about this problem, a gracious and intelligent girl named Robin Austin, is played by Shirley Knight, as captivating a little comedienne as you will ever hope to see in your life. She is engaged to a lawyer (attorney he calls himself!) named Dave Manning, for whom (she says) she feels a strong physical desire but wonders whether this is enough to sustain her through a lifetime of marriage. Her doubts seem thoroughly justified, since the object of her affection, played by Russell Nye, seemed to me unworthy to unbutton her briefcase, let alone her blouse. An extremely articulate but improbable roué called Hogan, heroically executed by Gene Rayburn, and Irene Wilson (Ann Summers), an Older Friend with troubles of her own, help thicken the plot. Thicken? They practically congeal it.

What can I say about a play like this? It's slick, it's tight, it's very professional, and very funny. Even if it weren't all of these things, this Shirley Knight would be worth seeing if she were just giving an agricultural report to the Supreme Soviet. But it is a very funny play. All the time I was laughing I was thinking how I hate to see a genuine social problem sacrificed to a collection of wisecracks, some of which are not so subtle, and I hate to see a genuine character like

Robin Austin smothered by a collection of animated dummies. Five or ten years and three or four children from now this Robin girl is going to come busting out like Nora Helmer in *A Doll's House*.

By a curious coincidence, *The Compliant Lover* by Grahame Greene, the second offering at the Bucks County Playhouse this season, is another attempt to demonstrate that Love is possible without Marriage, and Marriage is possible (If marriage is possible at all) without Love. This seems to be the social science discovery of the year, something like "inferiority complex" a few years back. Only a society stupefied and bemused by 50 years of Hollywood movies can consider this notion fresh and brilliant, worthy of two plays in rapid succession.

Graham Greene's treatment was perhaps a little more serious than Lawrence Roman's; it was also, unfortunately, considerably drearier. The fault, dear Brutus, may very easily have been not in ourselves, but in our stars, for in this kind of play, so teddibly English and so teddibly clipped, the performers must not merely shine, they must coruscate, and coruscate is one thing this performance emphatically did not. Martha Scott and Patrick Horgan were the most unimpassioned pair of lovers since Laurence Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad did Tristan and Isolde without the sound track, Dana Elcar delineated the dull deceived dentist husband with deadly drill-like precision. They were not noticeably upstaged by the balance of the cast, with the exception of Eric Elgar, who was delightfully amusing as a foreigner bewildered in his own country, and Pieter Bergema, who, as a hotel valet, sustained a perfectly credible air of perpetual incredulity.

It may be, or course, that the performers shared my lack of enthusiasm for their lines and had some difficulty in concealing it. My own private feeling is that at its very best this play is nothing more than watered down Noel Coward without the wit and the music. I'll never know, because I'd never go to see it again, not even with Nell Gwyn. Δ



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FACT OR FANCY
(Continued from Page 28)

tottering up and down our quaintly uneven brick sidewalks.

The minute they begin arriving (often by the busload), the Solebury natives take to the hills. Competing with this horde for parking space or a table in a restaurant is always a losing game. But, God bless them, they keep New Hope green with their compulsive spending, so long may they rave!

Exactly what the pre-conceived picture of the typical resident looks like it is hard to tell, but perhaps it would be more sporting if we issued arm patches to our creative citizens labeled "Artist", "Novelist", "Sculptor" and the like. This would at least keep visitors from jumping to the wrong conclusions about that man who just drove by in a beret who is actually an engineer and the man on the corner who, despite the conservative cut of his business suit, is a portraitist.

It might also aid the culture-hungry suburban matrons who appear on the scene with the first crocuses to inquire, "On what date does the artists' colony open?"

No native has ever been able to give a satisfactory answer to that one, although I have heard a number of irreverent ones suggested. This innocent query always gives us a bad turn, implying as it does that we confine our creative types to some kind of reservation. The truth is that our real estate people have situated them at random, where they are expected to breathe the same air as the rest of us.

In short, we shop here too, sometimes under difficulties never dreamed of by the tourists. It is possible, for example, to buy a mink-trimmed beer can opener or a crystal chandelier for the family castle, but not a pair of boy's pants, size 10, or a zipper. You can pick up knick-knacks imported from the far corners of the earth, but if you want to go to a five-and-ten you have to cross the bridge to Lambertville, New Jersey. Ditto for supermarkets, although the grocery stores in New Hope are excellent. In addition to more regular fare, they cater to sophisticated palates with such delicacies as canned frog's legs and dried seaweed.

Our restaurants are justly famous for miles around, but the local resident requires a specialized knowledge of their clientele. It can be pretty annoying to drop in one of the shops on Mechanic Street before the tourist tide has started to rise and find no

(Continued on Page 33)



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FACT OR FANCY

(Continued from Page 32)

one to wait on you, unless you know that the Mechanic Street merchants habitually gather for mid-morning coffee at Mel's. Similarly, it helps to know that an empty office on North Main or Bridge Streets only means that the usual occupant is having his second cup of coffee and his first look at the morning paper at Ab's. The fancier restaurants take turns as the "in" place for the local residents to go when they want a really good dinner out, but the Logan Inn serves a dual role year in and year out. At lunch time it is the place where the professional crowd prefers to bend its elbows and feed the inner man. At night, from April through September, it is headquarters for the theatrical crowd.

Let the tourists gawk as they may, New Hoppers are uniformly blasé about the stars of stage, screen and TV who share the town's facilities for half the year. About the only comment they cause is an occasional, "Looks a lot older offstage, doesn't she?" Or younger, as the case may be.

For one thing, Playhouse producer Mike Ellis, who keeps a sharp eye on the amateur theatricals around town, often calls in local talent to fill out large casts, and few stars are heroes to the people who play their maids and butlers. Not after two weeks of gruelling rehearsals.

Few people move to New Hope who don't have an interest in at least one of the arts. The special attraction it holds for ex-urbanites is that it offers all the advantages of small town living with the cultural opportunities of a fair sized city. This duality is well reflected in the Gazette, where the 4-H and the chamber music series get equal coverage.

Generally speaking, the citizens of New Hope can hold their own in esthetic discussions and have an in-

tense interest in good politics at all levels. Because there are so many people who care about the world in which they live, we have a lot of strong partisans on both sides of almost any issue you care to name, whether it's foreign policy or local zoning, abstract expressionism or the future of our schools. As a result, public meetings get organized at the drop of a hat. They are always lively and usually well attended, since the clash of opposing viewpoints generates a kind of excitement that TV can seldom equal.

It would be downright foolhardy, however, to claim that all New Hoppers ever talk about is art and politics. Far too much has been printed about us for that. Sooner or later we have to face up to the soul-searching questions: Is Satan really giving us a disproportionate share of his attention? Is there really more hanky-panky per capita in New Hope than elsewhere?

The ironic truth is that when one of our members publishes a novel that suggests an affirmative answer, the scandal created by the book itself greatly exceeds any real ones that may be going on at the time. However, even though the hapless author may find himself under strong verbal attack, he is never run out of town on a rail. New Hope can be very blasé about its scandals too. After all, who is going to throw the first stone? The mayor of Peyton Place?

On the other hand, we will take second place to no town when it comes to community spirit. We could hardly offer our visitors such unusual events as an annual street fair, a horse show and a sports car show if we didn't have a very active group of citizens with a knack for the good old American tradition of pulling together.

Sure, New Hope is a nice place to visit. But I'm awfully glad I live here.



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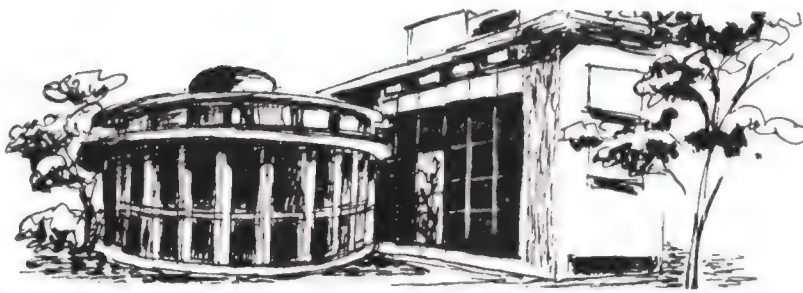
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POLITICS

By Preston Hoyle

The Bucks County Republican Alliance on May 15 shattered beyond repair the old political axiom that you "can't beat city hall." The Alliance not only beat "city hall," in this case, the regular Republican organization, it captured it.

In an organization not noted for the pessimists among its members, not even the most optimistic Alliance rooters expected the margin of victory to be so wide. Mrs. Adrienne Franklin, reelected as state committeewoman, beat her organization opponent by two-and-a-half to one. Alan D. Williams Jr., nominated for reelection as assemblyman did a little better, he beat his man by a 3-1 margin. All in all, it was the most impressive piece of politicking since the Democrats grabbed the courthouse in 1955.

Perhaps the most significant note of the Alliance win was the way in which the victory was achieved. The party regulars, were decisively beaten at their own game—organization.

In area after area, even supposedly impregnable organization strongholds such as Bristol Township and Sellersville-Perkasie, the Alliance workers got their supporters out to the polls in winning droves and in the general sweep of Williams and Mrs. Franklin, Alliance committee candidates were elected in impressive numbers.

Joseph O. Canby, Alliance chairman, estimates that his committee candidates won 48 of 70 contests, thus assuring Alliance candidate for county chairman Paul R. Beckert's election to that office at the party reorganization meeting on the 23rd of this month.

The Alliance victory is all the more impressive when one considers that it sent down to a crashing defeat the Republican organization which only last November administered a tremendous beating to the Democrats in the race for county row offices. It is one thing to take on and beat a loser. It is quite another to make a loser of a winner.

In reviewing the power struggle which began a little more than four months ago it would appear that or-

ganization mistakes were as much responsible for the outcome as Alliance work. The initial blunder was the failure of the party executive committee to endorse Mrs. Franklin for reelection, for this gave the Alliance a candidate around which to rally in the primary campaign. The organization then compounded its error by withdrawing its endorsement from Williams after County Chairman Frederick E. Ziegler bounced five executive committee members who had voted for Williams at the first endorsement meeting.

Ziegler's action was to say the least, ill-timed, and it gave the Alliance its first big issue. Had the party endorsed Williams and Mrs. Franklin, they could have been held in check to a large extent, for they could not have very comfortably attacked in public the organization which was supporting them for reelection, although it is quite likely, especially in the case of Williams, that they would have worked behind the scenes for Beckert and the Alliance.

A major factor in the success of the Republican party in this county embracing attitude toward mavericks. over the past decade has been its all-The case of Paul Beckert is an excellent example.

The party escaped catastrophe by the narrowest of margins in the election of last year, when it endorsed Beckert after first giving the endorsement to someone else. Beckert came within a single Democratic executive committee vote of running on that party's ticket for reelection. There is every reason to think that the Democrats would have put Beckert across, and perhaps picked up a row office or two in the process. As it turned out Beckert led the Republican ticket to a smashing win last fall.

The departure of Williams and Mrs. Franklin from the ranks of the regulars left a large slice of the Republican electorate without candidates with whom they could identify themselves. It was a fatal error.

While there are some who stubborn-

ly deny it, County Commissioner Edward B. Boyer, fairly or unfairly, is highly unpopular with the Republican voters. Ziegler's stubborn refusal to disassociate himself with Boyer has brought down the party around his ears. The "Boyer-tag" on Ziegler rubbed off on his candidates, aided and abetted by the publicity drums of the Alliance.

Bucks County has very probably never seen the like of the political publicity campaign put on by the Alliance. It was a campaign which was incisive, well timed, and coordinated. For the first few weeks the Alliance propagandists fired salvo after salvo at the regulars, who spent so much time denying charges that by the time they finally got around to counter-attacking, the damage was done. You don't win elections by constantly denying assertions made against you—you have to make a few of your own.

If there was any doubt that the Alliance was going to take the election, this was erased in the final days of the campaign when the "Delaware Valley Advance," "Quakertown Free Press," "B. C. Gazette," "Bristol Courier-Levittown Times" and Daily Intelligencer (both papers owned by the same organization) carried front page editorials supporting the Alliance. This, coupled with the G.O.P. organization's full page ads, bearing pictures of Boyer, listing the accomplishments of his administration, and carrying his endorsement of Ziegler and his candidates, amounted to the final straw.

Any doubts about whether Boyer and Ziegler were working closely together to run the party and the county were dissipated after a quick glance at the ad.

Williams, after seeing it, jokingly remarked that the Alliance, and not Boyer, should have been billed for the ad.

Perhaps it might be wise to mention one more factor responsible for the election outcome—women.

Mrs. Franklin had been supported all through the campaign by the Bucks County Council of Republican Women. The council had endorsed Mrs. Franklin, a former president of that group, and the ladies were more than a little angry to see their endorsement treated so lightly by the party. As a result women all over the county went to work on the regulars like a swarm of outraged bees whose hive has been disturbed. It is possible to win in politics without having women solidly behind you. But when they are actively against you, you are dead.

HY MOYER



Hy Moyer
Bucks County
Humorist

Water Wheel's John Corcoran asked me a short time ago what I thought of Bucks County politics, I told him that all I know about politics was what I read in the newspapers.

I am an avid reader of newspapers being a subscriber to five dailys and one weekly newspaper, and I read every story as eagerly as if it carried my own by-line.

So it was that I ran across the history of pop-corn, I always thought that pop-corn was just pop-corn, but a Mr. Mahoney writes "Popcorn is one of the most primitive fiesta foods known to man."

He has found records of popcorn used in pagan religious rites. Radio-carbon tests of popcorn found in New Mexico's Bat Cave show it to be 5600 years old.

Popcorn has traveled a long way since primitive man first found this strange grain whose flinty kernels exploded with heat.

Early man probably threw some corn on his cooking fire and discovered it popped, then he popped his corn in clay dishes, and on his fire place stones.

I can remember popping corn some 70 years ago in an iron frying pan covered with a lid and pushing it to and fro on a hot kitchen stove. What fun it was when it began to pop-pop-pop.

Now I have an electric popper but

the thrill of hearing it pop is no more.

Popcorn production in 1961 was 400,000,000 pounds of ear corn so the Department of Agriculture tells us. Popcorn today is no longer a back yard garden project, it is planted on mid-west farms with tractor drawn planters and harvested by mechanical pickers that grab the small ears from the stalks. When shelled it is sent to a company that does the popping.

Popcorn was first eaten in America at the Indian's camp fire. Then it found it's way into the early settlers fire side and enjoyed many years of peaceful popping before it found it's way into the movie houses.

What makes popcorn pop?

Some of the ancients thought there might be a devil in each kernel, blowing his top when he got hot. Modern scientists explained it this way — Popcorn is a very hard grain, composed of what is called horny starch. The heat builds steam from the moisture in the corn and this moisture is held under terrific pressure before it breaks through the horny layers of starch. When it does break through the grain inside out and the grain is literally cooked.

An account of one of the first Thanksgivings in Bucks County mentions "Popped corn" brought to the feast by the Indians which proves that the Indians did advance popping, over their campfires and probably thought that our early settlers did not know how to pop the stuff.

My earliest recollection of pop corn was the strings of popped corn that decorated the Christmas trees of my early childhood.

Which reminds me that Christmas will be with us again in 20 more weeks. So let me suggest "Do your Christmas shopping early."



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Driving Across Bucks County

By Roswell S. Eddy

The townships of Upper Bucks, while not thought of as a mecca of artists and writers, are nonetheless well-represented in the arts.

Well and favorably known in the field of illustration is John Gretzer, who lives with his wife and their seventeen-year old son on East Rock Road, East Rockhill township. Their home near Weisel is only a few hundred feet from the lake to be formed when the new State park is created on the Tohickon Creek.

John Gretzer studied at the University of Omaha and Kansas City Art Institute. Considerable experience was gained from service in the European theatre in World War Two and in Washington, D. C. in a public relations post. He was a combat artist. Most of his work is done in casein. Working at his studio in Philadelphia, John Gretzer has illustrated in trade journals and in promotional booklets of all kinds. He regularly illustrates in the magazines *Calling All Girls* and *Children's Digest*. Some of his art is seen in the John C. Winston Company's *Winston Adventure Books*. The delightful line drawings in Margaret Seylar's book, *Mary Elizabeth and Mr. Lincoln*, published in 1961 by Follett, are examples of John Gretzer's fine talent.

Save the date, Saturday June 9, for the fun and variety of the Village Fair to be held at the War Memorial Field, Doylestown, Bucks County, for the benefit of the Doylestown Hospital.

The Junior Woman's Club of Doylestown, the junior organization of the Village Improvement Association, who own and operate the Doylestown Hospital, are sponsoring the Fair in conjunction with many service clubs

and civic organizations of the community.

Come for a day of fun! Dinner will be a chicken barbeque given by the Bucks County Poultrymen's Association and an Ice Cream Festival by the Rotary Club.

Approximately 25 clubs and organizations will be participating in the Fair, Saturday, June 9 with a rain date, June 16. Come to Bucks County — Come to the Village Fair!

The carnival of the Albert R. Atkinson Jr. Post #210, American Legion, Doylestown should have your patronage. The wonderful acts of neighborliness of the local Legion Post and its auxiliary are made possible to a large extent by the success of their annual carnival which starts just before and ends just after the Fourth of July.

Probably the Legion's best-known project has been fund-raising for the expenses incurred by the parents of David Posnett, who received severe brain damage as the result of being struck by an automobile on April 20, 1961. David was admitted to Children's Hospital, Philadelphia, and remained there, on the critical list, until July twenty-fifth. He was then admitted to the Rehabilitation Center at Philadelphia, where he stayed until November ninth. He was considered critical until late October. Signs of progress, in the beginning, were few. Not until December 1961, eight months after the accident, did he speak his first word. He was eight years old on, June fourth of that year.

At the Posnett's home on route 413 below Buckingham, David receives two "patterning" treatments daily. This form of physiological psycho-



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Stories, legends, tall tales and traditions of the people of Bucks in the good—and the bad—old days. Re-counted by Grace Chandler, of the BUCKS COUNTY LIFE editorial staff, for a nominal fee.

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CYpress 5-7141

This exceptionally fine home gained national publicity when built in 1956. Shows much engineering skill with entire U-shape of glass doors, exotic turquoise and yellow kitchen featuring copper-hooded stone cooking isle with built-in rotisserie, hanging wall refrigerator, eye-level ovens, automatic dishwasher, garbage disposal and under-counter freezer.

34 ft. layout: living room with stone fireplace, dining room, kitchen, family room combination, cocktail lounge with sink, powder room, utility room, storage, 3 bedrooms and two ceramic tile baths. Price \$42,500.

DRIVING ACROSS BUCKS (Cont'd)
therapy, "patterning," requires a team of five persons. Thus ten people, each day, work at helping to restore the boy to normal. This means that in a two-week period one hundred and forty people come to the Posnett's. Mrs. Betty Molesworth, a member of the Forest Grove Presbyterian Church, is the coordinator.

Everyone connected with the case, including physicians, is pleased with the progress being made.

Any Sunday afternoon as you are driving across Bucks County you can tune your car radio to WBUX (1570 AM dial) from 4:00 to 4:30 and hear recorded excerpts from former concerts of the growingly popular New Hope Chamber Music Series with founder and director William Keyes' sparkling commentary about the talented artists that have played and about those who are going to play in the forthcoming season (its third). These concerts are designed to bring to The Bucks County area prominent young musicians from the European and American concert stages, the programs not being confined within the connotation of the phrase "Chamber Music."

DID YOU KNOW THAT, besides the Playhouse and the Music Circus, the New Hope-Lambertville area has another major theatrical attraction? Since Feb. 1 of this year, the New Strand Theater in Lambertville has been showing great films of the past and present. Among the fine attractions for June are La Dolce Vita until June 6, The Innocents (based on The Turn of the Screw by Henry James) June 7 - 9, The World of Apu June 10 to 13; two Jean Cocteau films, The Eternal Return and The Strange Ones June 14 - 16; Bergman's The Virgin Spring June 17 to 20. Their complete schedule will be sent upon request New Strand, Box 91, Lambertville, N. J. EX 7-0486.

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Seven residents of Bucks County belong to an organization so exclusive that even President Kennedy may hold only an honorary membership.

If you are a male descendant of any officer of the Continental Army under George Washington, you may be eligible to join this group. In the very beginning, the ancient rule of primogeniture was followed with membership passing down from eldest son to eldest son. The rule has been broadened to include other direct or collateral descendants.

John F. Kennedy Jr. qualifies through his mother. His great-great-great grandfather served under Rochambeau at the battle of Yorktown when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington October 19, 1781.

This is the Society of the Cincinnati, oldest and most exclusive, hereditary, patriotic order in the United States. Regardless of where you live, you would become a member of the state society to which your forbear was eligible.

There are thirteen state societies, one for each of the thirteen original colonies and a French society for kin of officers in the Revolution under Lafayette, Rochambeau, or de Grasse.

The society was organized May 13, 1783 by officers of Washington at Verplanck House near Fishkill, New York. Washington served as first president general.

The name is taken from the Roman patriot Cincinnatus who twice in the fifth century B.C. was called from his plow to lead the Roman Forces in battle. The Revolutionary officers likewise returned to civilian life.

The society meets and elects officers every three years - this year in Baltimore - last time in Paris in 1959.

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DRIVING ACROSS BUCKS

Until 1938 the president general had custody of various relics of the group handed down from previous heads. Among these were an eagle design by Major Pierre l'Enfant and a diamond eagle presented to Washington on behalf of the French Navy by Count d'Estaing.

Since 1938 Anderson House in Washington, D. C. has been the society's headquarters. This three-story lime-stone mansion was built in 1905 as a residence by Lars Anderson, who was a dedicated member of the society.

His widow turned it over to the society. It is out-ranked in the nation's capital only by the White House and Blair House as the scene of fashionable gatherings. Foreign dignitaries are entertained here officially by the President, Vice-President, and cabinet members.

In the early days of the society it was feared by some public figures, notably Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, that the members might form a nucleus of an hereditary aristocracy not in keeping with the new democratic form of government. However, of the 65 delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1787, 27 were members of the Cincinnati and 23 of them voted for a strong constitution.

The purpose of the society is to foster interest in the deeds and resolutions of our Revolutionary leaders. The granting of awards to graduates and the erecting of monuments related to the Revolution are among the works of the individual state societies.

The Pennsylvania society erected the beautiful bronze statue of George Washington mounted on a horse in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

The society is currently working on a project to furnish every school with prints of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Pennsylvania, where both the Declaration and the Constitution were signed, has 82 members. The state is outranked by Virginia with 356, Connecticut 232, North Carolina 219, New York 109, and New Jersey 105.

At the present time more than one-half of Washington's officers eligible to join the order are represented by the 1900 members.

I. C. Hanners who lives near Springtown in Springfield township is secretary general. Other members who live in Bucks county are: I. C. Avery, Wrightstown, L. Hutton, New Hope, W. H. E. Holmes, Lahaska, W. A. McCain, Doylestown, T. J. McCahill 3rd, Erwinna. Δ



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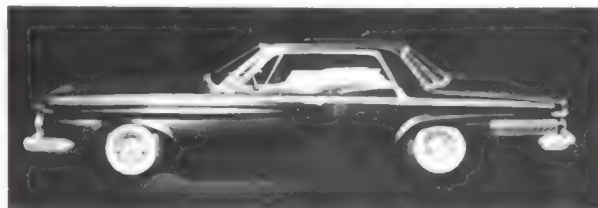
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THE CORNELL FAMILY

(Continued from April issue)

By Betty Floyd



Jesse Cornell

This is the continuation of the story of the Cornell family who owned huge plantations in Northampton and Southampton Townships in the 19th century and whose hundreds of descendants still live in that vicinity.

Original Cornell homes still stand on either side of Bristol Rd. in what is now Churchville. They are part of the tract bought in 1755 by Gilliam and Wilhelmus Cornell. John, who had inherited his father's land on the Northampton side, divided it among his children at his death in 1811. John Jr. received the center part and probably built the house at the end of a long lane, which is now owned by John P. Osterman. Isaac owned the land below it and the house which might have been Wilhelmus's home. Isaac sold this house with 37½ acres to Gilliam M. Cornell in 1830. Gilliam, as head of the board of trustees of the North and Southampton Reformed Church, bought it as a parsonage home for the Rev. Abram Ootwout Halsey. After the railroad cut off the parsonage land, the church bought the present parsonage on Bristol Rd. The old parsonage is now the home of Elmer Schill.

John Jr. sold his farm in 1839 to Samuel Beans for \$4,283.06 and Isaiah Delaney bought in, consisting of 74 acres, about 1876. Lambert Cornell, son of Gilliam Cornell of Tanyard, Rd., Richboro, married Mary Helena Delaney in 1861 and they lived with the Delaneys. Mr. Delaney left it to his grandson, William D. Cornell. When William married Jennie VanSandt in 1891, his parents built an apartment onto the house and moved in there, giving the house to

William. William and Jennie had no children. In later years, he developed rheumatism and sold the house to the Mason family. He and Jennie moved into his uncle Isaac's old house, the former parsonage, and took in boarders. Sometimes 40 people from the city would come out to the Churchville station near the house and spend Sunday at the Cornell house as an outing in the country. Later, Will Cornell sold the lovely old home and moved to the house on Bustleton Pike next to the Churchville grocery store.

Will Cornell's sister, Anna Mary, was a devoted member of the North and Southampton Reformed Church from the time she was carried there to be baptized. She sang in the choir for many years. When she was three years old, the kitchen was built on the back of the Delaney farm house and a bedroom added above it. This was her bedroom until she married William Beans at the farm in 1890. William, the son of Thomas Beans, lived in the house on the corner of Bustleton Pike and Elm Ave., and used to hike across the field (now the Churchville Manor development) to court Anna Mary.

William and Anna Mary lived for a number of years on a farm on Street Rd., Southampton, below where the Fleck Seed Store now stands. Their seven children are: Mrs. Jennie M. (Robert) Clark, who lives on a corner of the former Cornell land on Bristol Rd., Churchville; Harry C. Beans of Hatboro; Mrs. Helen Dunhour of Springfield, Del. County; Mrs. Emma Conrey of Ravenna, Ohio; Horace H., a builder of Southampton, and Grace Anna (Mrs. Cornelius) Smith of Southampton. Anna Mary died two years ago, and William, in 1951.

Cornelia, a daughter of John Cornell Sr., married Gilliam M. Cornell and they lived in the house across from John's on the Southampton Township side of Bristol Rd. It is now the home of Stanton C. Kelton Jr. Mr. Kelton has traced the Cornell ownership back to 1775.

Cornelia Cornell, widow of Gilliam M., died in 1853, and the will of hers and her husbands is listed at Doylestown, divided among the heirs: Henry and Elizabeth Feaster, Jacob and Maria Cornell, Jesse and Adriana Dungan, Catherine Terry, Jane K. Twining, Martha and James Cram Cornell, Mary Ann and Mahlon B. Cornell, Isaac and Cristina Craven, (Continued on Page 41)

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FLYING



Andrew Sinatra, known as the Mystic Barber from Brooklyn, tells of a message he received from outer space people warning of a tidal wave. He said "I hope I'm wrong." He was.

The great furor of the past ten years or more concerning flying saucers seems to have died out almost to extinction. Even Howard Menger, formerly of High Bridge, N.J., who roused the whole Delaware Valley with his adventures with outer space people, his rides in flying saucers and even a trip to the moon, has retired to his sign painting business and the life of a normal citizen.

The saucer craze was exciting while it lasted and is recalled with some sarcasm and ridicule in the recent book by Long John Nebel entitled "The Way Out World." For one who claims he never "buys" any of the saucer stories, he has devoted much of his own time as well as air time to the flying saucer cult. The Long John Party Line show on WOR that begins at midnight and runs to approximately 5:00 a.m. heard its most interesting programs with such participants as the Mystic Barber, the Howard Mengers, Dan Fry, George Van Tassel, the brief interview between George King and Jackie Gleason and hosts of others.

The Howard Menger story caused great excitement in the Delaware Valley when it reached a climax with the first East Coast Interplanetary Space Convention held on the Menger farm near Lebanon four years ago in September. The estimate of the crowd that gathered for the two days ranged from 2,000 to 3,600 people. They sat on hard plank seats or the equally hard ground, enthralled with the stories of space travel by Menger and the movies and pictures which he

showed of flying saucers. They listened to Major Wayne S. Ahoe recount the troubles of Rheinhold Schmidt in the middle west who was clapped into a mental institution when he told of his adventure with space men. The Mystic Barber held forth on his astral projection into outer space and the messages he received by means of his headband invention, a metallic thing he wore around his head with springy little antennae which set up contact with Venus and other planets.

Long John Nebel was there with Kayla Kazahn, Eden Gray, Ben Isquith, Lester DelRay, Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Lanier and Lillian Lanier, all well known members of his panel on the Party Line.

The convention was blessed with perfect weather. Crowds converged on a farm on a back road near a town too small for a place on the map; converged from Ohio, New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and all parts of New Jersey, with the fewest from Hunterdon County.

Otis T. Carr was there with his \$20,000,000 plans for a space craft designed to carry him to the moon but that never got off the ground. Dr. Arnold Penebarg, a clinical psychologist, had a field day studying the minds and motives of flying saucer devotees by means of the Rorschach "ink blot test." He claimed that it weeded out the pathological liars and sincerely deluded ones from the real contactees.

What was expected to be an annual East Coast Interplanetary Space Convention proved to be the one and only. Perhaps the grim and costly business of the government's rockets and outer space experiments have driven home the "outer space visitors" in their ski suits and long blond hair who presumably came from Venus, Mars, Saturn and other planets. Δ



A few of the fascinated crowd at the Space Convention.



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SILK SCREEN PRINTS

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ALLEN SAALBURG

at

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CORNELL FAMILY
(Continued from Page 39)

Elen and Anthony Fleck, Cornelia Cornell, Sarah and James D. Cornell and Jesse and Hester Cornell.

The heirs and legal representatives of Cornelia C. Cornell appointed John C. Cornell of Northampton Township, attorney "to sell all messuage, store house and lot of land in Southampton Township bounded by lands of Abraham Hogeland, Lawrence Vandegrift and others. Also nearly five acres with all buildings and appurtenances thereunto which Gilliam M. Cornell, deceased, did give to his widow, now deceased." Mr. Kelson said the farm was originally over 160 acres.

Jesse Cornell owned a large farm below Ironworks Creek on the map of 1859, and he is possibly the one mentioned as the ancestor of the descendants of Linford Cornell, who have over 100 at their annual picnics.

Deeds recorded in Doylestown show that Jesse and his brother Jacob sold land in Southampton Township to Abraham Hogeland in 1854. His was no doubt part of the family estate left to them when their mother died in 1853, and Jesse bought the Northampton Township farm soon after.

Jesse Cornell's son Jesse Jr. and his wife Esther lived on a 91-acre farm on Bustleton Pike and New Rd., Churchville, which Esther's uncle bought for them before 1891. Linford F. Cornell was their son.

Linford bought Gilliam Cornell's



Russell D. Kroeker, son of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Kroeker of Ivyland, is one of 266 college students chosen from over 3,000 applicants to participate this summer in "Operation Crossroads—Africa." This is a study work-camp project sponsored by religious and educational leaders whereby American and Canadian students prove the friendship of their countries for Africa by working with native students. Δ

farm on Tanyard Rd., Richboro, from Gilliam's widow and he and his wife, the former Elizabeth Barcalow, reared 11 children here. Hogeland, one of their sons, now a builder in Richboro, said that they attended the one room grade school on Second Street Pike, where Dan and Ed's shop is now. When they didn't behave the teacher, Sally Twining, went for the red hot poker used for the pot-bellied stove, but she never really had to apply it, the threat was enough! The children attended high school first in the little chapel in Richboro and later in the new school farther up the pike. However, Linford died in 1915 when Hogeland was in the eighth grade and he and his brother Horace quit school to run the farm which Horace is still operating with one of his sons.

Ten of Linford's children still living are in the same area and they and their families have a yearly family reunion with more than 100 present. They are: Hogeland, Horace, Mrs. Charles Ivins, a Mrs. Lillian Gossler and Mrs. Frank Lane, of Richboro; Mrs. Clarence Finney, Jamison; Leigh Cornell and Mrs. Ralph Shelmire, Southampton and Linford Jr., Hatboro.

This completes the story of the Cornell family, farmers for many generations in Bucks County, descendants of the first Gilliam Cornell who came to the County about 1739. We appreciate very much the help that the Cornell family has given us in tracing the family line. Δ



"SEZ
LITTLE
AMY"

I just can't wait to go a fishin'
When pesky old school is out
With a can of worms and a crooked pin
I betcha I'll catch some rainbow trout.
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Duckling to Pressed Duck

By Cynthia Ann Baker

Allen Saalburg, owner and sole operator of the CANAL PRESS, lives on the Delaware Canal above Stover Park in Bucks County. Several years ago city friends acquired an Easter duckling and when it became a nuisance, they thought of the Saalburgs and their home in the country on a canal. They brought the poor little waif to Bucks County and they all gathered on the bank to watch the "duck take to water." She didn't and after one dip, she paddled frantically to shore, working at the top of her weak baby voice and fell gasping at the feet of Allen and his wife, Mary Falconer Saalburg, a well-known artist herself. They promptly named her "Wonkie." She was a frustrated duck. While she laid eggs in embarrassing quantities, she never became a mother, scorning with vicious righteousness, any courting of a male.

Allen became enchanted with ducks and bought drakes with imposing names and began to paint them. Their iridescent colors fascinated him and his duck paintings are so alive you have a desire to stroke them, feeling sure you will feel their shining feathers with the tips of your fingers. From painting them it was a natural for Allen to start "pressing" them and his beautiful reproductions of ducks hang in hundreds of rooms, contemporary or traditional.

Allen is a silk-screen man but his work far surpasses the common conception of this craft. He comes by this form of art quite naturally, his father was the inventor of rotogravure and his brother, Leslie, well-known for his automobile illustrations and "Men-of-Distinction." Allen, after intensive schooling at Pratt Institute and the Art Students League went into the advertising field at nineteen. After three years of agency work, he left for a free-lance career in decorative illustration which he has never regretted. He has shown in Paris and New York and at present is showing at the Barbara Scofield Galleries in Doylestown where from June 4 to June 30, local people may take a look at his original paintings and his outstanding prints.

The Bucks County Historical Society Museum in Doylestown is a treasure trove of materials he uses for his paintings—a cigar store Indian, carved roosters, horses, eagles; decoy

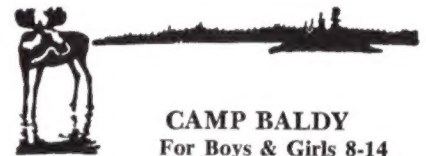
ducks, weather vanes, old deeds, saddles and old guns, to name a few. Bucks County rural scenes have formed the background for many of his subjects.

He paints first in gouache on illustration board. When he is satisfied with his colors and with the painting as a whole, he goes to work. Using the silk-screening process which in fifteen years of study and experimentation he has brought to perfection, he meticulously reproduces his original painting. This is difficult, confining work and he loves it! Known as a sharp dresser when he socializes, he wears a cover-all apron and work clothes which invariably are splattered with paint. Buckets of color line the shelves and the quantity and quality of his paint brushes would make many an artist drool.

His local studio is on the top floor of an old building near the Delaware, two steep flights up, strictly off-bounds for un-announced visitors. His work is so exacting that any interruption can spoil hours of intensive concentration.

One section of this "loft" has been transformed into living quarters which are worthy of a gasp of surprise—after the long climb. Snug-lushly furnished with soft sofas, shuttered windows, antiques of which the Saalburgs are canny buyers, and an efficient kitchen. During the winter months, Allen can tumble out of his bed at five o'clock and enter his studio without struggling with snow and ice. Mary has a studio in New York where she stays during the week to be close to her own clients, coming home by bus almost to her door on week-ends. His sole companion during the week is a huge orange cat who has discouraged any mouse who might dare to intrude.

To reproduce five hundred prints, this is often the size of the orders which he gets from his agent, Allen must keep his nose to the grind-stone for a solid month. To someone else this might be torture, to Allen it is utter bliss. He discards every print which is less than perfect—about fifty out of the five hundred. The finished prints are distributed to galleries and art departments where they are eagerly bought by people who have long-since out grown Rosa Bonheur's horses, Lawrence's "Pinkie" and Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" once "Art" in a big way. Δ



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Arnold Palmer (right) and Skee Riegel, York Road Golf Club's Pro, share a relaxed moment on the course.



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